

LOS ANGELES  
1909



ELKS' TOUR



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A TOUR  
THROUGH THE WEST

WITH THE  
JERSEY CITY ELKS, No. 211

ARRANGED AND WRITTEN

BY

IDA A. VAN LOAN



NEW YORK

F595

V25

Copyright, 1910  
By  
I. A. VAN LOAN

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Los Angeles Special . . . . .	I
Kansas City, Mo. . . . .	5
Las Vegas, New Mexico . . . . .	9
Albuquerque, New Mexico . . . . .	11
Laguna, New Mexico . . . . .	14
Grand Canyon, Ariz. . . . .	16
Redlands, Cal. . . . .	27
Riverside, Cal. . . . .	29
Los Angeles, Cal. . . . .	32
Catalina Island, Cal. . . . .	40
Mount Lowe, Cal. . . . .	44
Santa Barbara, Cal. . . . .	61
Paso Robles, Cal. . . . .	64
Del Monte, Cal. . . . .	66
Santa Cruz, Cal. . . . .	69
San Jose, Cal. . . . .	73
San Francisco, Cal. . . . .	76

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Shasta Springs, Cal. . . . .	80
Portland, Oregon, . . . . .	82
Seattle, Wash. . . . .	87
Dalles, Oregon . . . . .	93
Pocatello, Idaho . . . . .	95
Yellowstone Park, Wyoming . . . . .	98
Salt Lake City, Utah . . . . .	120
Glenwood Springs, Colo. . . . .	131
Colorado Springs, Colo. . . . .	136
Denver, Colo. . . . .	138
Homeward Bound . . . . .	141

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Larkin, Thomas F.  
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## PREFACE

This little volume is written, hoping it will be a pleasant memory, to those who were on the tour, reminding them of little incidents as they peruse its pages, and to those who were not, it will suffice as a simple little story. The information contained herein is mostly from facts gained on the tour, the Santa Fe Co., Denver & Rio Grande and Northern Pacific Co., all of these companies giving me booklets containing valuable and interesting information, from which I have taken extracts.

IDA A. VAN LOAN.



# Tour Through the West

## LOS ANGELES SPECIAL B. P. O. E.

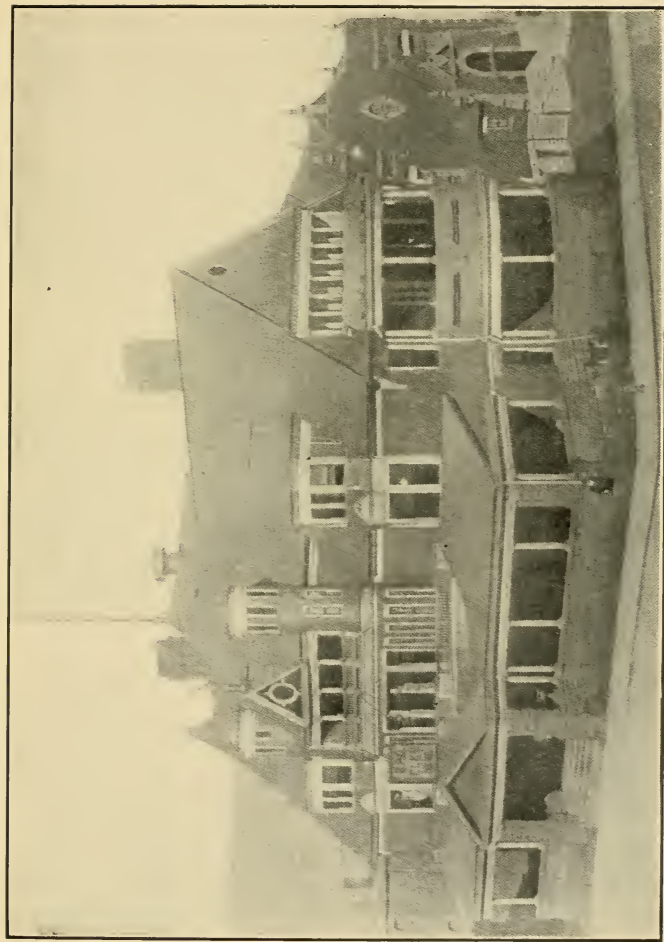
Our train left Jersey City July 5, 1909, at two-twenty-two, consisting of three Pullman stateroom coaches, two Pullman sleepers, an observation, dining, and baggage car. We of the Bayonne party numbered ten individuals, and a great many friends came to see us off, among whom were Rev. Mr. McGuire, chaplain of the Bayonne Elks, and Mr. De Wauters. The Jersey City and Hoboken lodges were ahead of us, and the platform was crowded with their friends, who were singing, and having a fine time in general. As the train pulled out from the shed, we were shaking hands, and those outside wished us all kinds of good times and God Speed. A great many of the party were on the observation car singing "Auld Lang Syne" and waving farewell. Everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of fun, and as far as I could see no one was gloomy, or downhearted, as is sometimes the case with friends who are separating for so long a journey. As we started out the porter came and gave us large paper bags for our hats. Some of us had brought them from home; but they were not so large. We settled ourselves in our seats, and began to look around to see who our neighbors were. Just ahead of us was a whole family, father, mother, their two daughters, and a son,

who made life quite lively in our car. There were just twenty persons in all, and we soon became acquainted. We started out via the Lehigh Valley, stopping at Newark, South Plainfield, Easton, South Bethlehem, Allentown and Wilkes-Barre, for passengers who had joined with the Jersey City Elks' tour. We spent a pleasant afternoon watching the pretty mountain scenery, and when dinner was announced we were all ready, eager to be the first to dine. There were one hundred in our entire party, and it required quite some time to serve us, as only forty could be served at one sitting. After dinner we talked, and some of us went to the observation car, where they were singing, and one gentleman recited and made quite a speech. Being tired from the excitement of leaving home, and meeting so many strangers, most of us retired quite early. Whenever I could do so, I usually traveled by boat, especially at night, and this event was my first experience of train sleeping. It seemed quite funny to me to get up in my bunk to undress. The first night I took off very little clothing, as I had an upper berth, and it seemed so awkward; but I soon became used to it, and rather enjoyed the novelty. I put in quite a fair night, and the next morning my aunt and I were up very early. I was quite hungry and ready for breakfast. There seemed to be no one else moving, so we went back to the observation car, where a gentleman told us the time had changed at Buffalo, and we were an hour earlier, consequently we had risen at five o'clock, and had to wait another hour for breakfast, to which we did full justice. At Buffalo we lost three hours, waiting to be switched on the Lake



Shore tracks. We were speeding along rapidly, on a fine level stretch of country, all farms and vineyards, finally passing a station called State Line, which a gentleman told us was the boundary line between the States of New York and Pennsylvania, we thoroughly enjoyed the early morning scenery, although a trifle cloudy. After breakfast we were all busy cleaning our little flats, as we called our sections. The porter dusted the window sills and seats, in the way men usually do such work, by flinging the duster at the dirt, to settle elsewhere. Women do house work in a much neater manner; we all put our hats in the large paper bags, and placed them under the seats, then talked and watched the scenery until we reached Cleveland, where a great many jumped off to exercise their limbs, but where very little could be seen, as it had become very cloudy. We stayed at Cleveland only a few minutes, just long enough to be switched on the tracks of the Big Four. Most of us dozed all morning. About 2 P. M., two of the committee came through the cars with small packages, tied with purple ribbon, which on opening we found to be souvenirs from Colgate's perfumery house in Jersey City. I brought mine home. At two-thirty it began to rain hard while crossing the state of Indiana. Our schedule called for Chicago as first stop; but we went by way of St. Louis instead, arriving there at 8:30 P. M. It being dark we could not see much of the city, but each group managed to go somewhere. Our party took a trolley ride to Forest Park, quite a distance up on a high hill. It was all brightly illuminated, similar to Coney Island, only on a smaller scale, and the approach going up the hill was a very pretty

sight. We had our photos taken on a post card, and it is needless to say, they were beautiful. It was a very oppressive night, not even a breeze riding. We went back to the train, and it was so warm, we slept very little.



ELK CLUB HOUSE, KANSAS CITY



## KANSAS CITY, MO.

In a pouring rain we arrived at Kansas City 7:30 A. M. After breakfast we were met by a medium-sized Elk, who escorted us to trolley cars, which took us up to the Elks' Club house, where they gave us a hearty welcome, assisted by a fine band which played almost incessantly. We went all through the building, and some of our party, who had risen quite late, were served with breakfast. In fact we all could have partaken, had we so desired, they had such a bountiful supply. We were scheduled for a ride in the sight-seeing cars; but quite a number preferred staying at the club house, so it was called off. In the office of the club house was a large supply of post cards free to all; but as is usually the case, first come, first served, a great many did not get any, where others had half a dozen or more. A lady who must be a great worker for the Elks came in, and the first thing she did was to call up the automobile office to send cars to take our party for a ride through the city. It was not raining quite so hard then, and by the time we were half over the course, it stopped entirely. The boulevards and park drives cover thirty miles. We were on Gladstone boulevard, and saw some fine homes surrounded by beautiful grounds, handsomely laid out. The names of the streets are set in the flagging on the sidewalk. Kansas City has a popu-

lation of 300,000 and covers an area of forty-three square miles, also has 163 churches, 60 school buildings, 225 miles of paved streets, and ranks first in the agricultural implement trade, second in number of railroads, there being twenty-two systems entering Kansas City, third in amount of telegraphic business. It also has many beautiful parks, and the greatest convention hall in the country, seating capacity 15,000. Enrolled in the public schools are 30,600 children, under the control and instruction of 875 teachers. We were taken back to the Elks' club, and served with claret punch, then we sat out on the fine wide porch until it was time to go back to the train. We were presented with badges of purple ribbon with Kansas City in white letters, and an Elk button, when the same medium sized Elk escorted us to the trolley and then to the train. Shortly after leaving Kansas City, we experienced quite a delay: a washout and flood from heavy rains. The water was rushing across the tracks; both sides were flooded, and the bundles of wheat and grain were floating all around, and coming toward us lively. A group of workmen were near the tracks, and one man on horseback, with the horse's head just above the water, was feeling his way, and trying to find the body of a comrade who had perished, and whose dead horse was floating along. The group of men were all in the water near a post eagerly watching the man's approach, for in case of a sunken hole, they would go under, but they reached the goal in safety. Two wild rabbits were running along, close to the rail, and skimming through the water, when a dog spied them; he made one bound, and the rabbits disappeared under the train. The train

was just moving, oh! so slowly; but the dog was afraid to venture, so the poor little rabbits got away. We got over the place safely. When a little further on we came to one much worse. We could just see some of the tree tops, and the water covered the first step on our car; most of us had our windows open and were kneeling on the seats, watching the wonderful sight, but did not seem to realize the danger we were in. I was told one train came through after we did, and no more could get through for two days. They say floods are quite frequent in that section, and although we often read of them, one must see it to realize what it really is. Before reaching this point, we made seventy-six miles in eighty minutes, trying to regain our lost time. We made a very short stop at Topeka, Kansas, just long enough to hustle off the train for a stretch. Topeka, the capital of Kansas, has a population of 48,975, forty miles of electric car system, two parks with picnic grounds, fair grounds, race track, numerous mills and factories, large grain elevators, ice companies, packing companies, foundry and machine works, vinegar and preserving works, forty-five miles of paved streets, court house, state house, insane asylum and reform school, and ten hotels. At Emporia, Kansas, the Santa Fe Hotel is a splendid three-story colonial structure, built of buff brick, trimmed with white-dressed stone. A broad arcade, held in place by pilasters of brick, runs across the front of the building. The office and dining-room are furnished in the colonial fumed oak combination, decorated to correspond. There are only eight guest rooms in the hotel, very prettily furnished. The dining-room seats seventy-two persons and the lunch room twenty-four.



The meals served are Harvey's best. The Bisonte at Hutchinson, Kansas, is another of the famous Fred Harvey hotels, which is of the early English period, built of brick, with heavy gables and red tiled roof, with spacious verandas running entirely around the house. Bisonte is the Spanish word for Buffalo, where in the earlier days they were plentiful. Below Kansas City we cross the Missouri River, on the Santa Fe, where the gradual climb begins toward the first of the great divides, which shuts off the valley of the Mississippi from the Pacific coast. We go diagonally across Kansas, past fruitful farms, and towns of surprising activity, on to historical Dodge City, where we stopped just long enough to purchase a few cards and I mailed a few to friends of mine on Long Island, by the name of Dodge. After luncheon a few of the committee came through the cars, with their arms full of boxes of candy. They gave each of the ladies one, and we enjoyed it immensely. The room where they kept all the good things to drink was at the end of our car and there was usually a lively crowd in there. Two or three times a day some one would ask us to have something to drink; we drank what they called S. K. or White Rock. There is no telling what the men drank, but they were all out for a good time and I am sure most of them had it. Between visiting one another, and card playing we all managed to spend pleasant hours on the train. We were almost a day and a night crossing the Kansas plains and had very heavy thunder storms in the evening. Before dinner Mr. Vincent, our tour conductor, came in our car, and gave us a fine description of the country we were passing through.



## LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

We arrived at Las Vegas, 8 A. M., where there is a fine Fred Harvey hotel, The Castaneda. The morning was quite cool. Las Vegas is a Spanish name, and in English means meadows, and when the earliest Spaniards first visited the present site of the city, they found it the favorite grazing grounds of the elk and deer. At the present day it is a favorite place among Elks, as quite a large "herd" have gathered there. The lodge of B. P. O. E. was instituted January 20, 1898, being the first lodge of Elks organized in New Mexico. It is the oldest lodge in the territory. It had a charter membership of forty-five; to-day 302 members in good standing belong to the lodge. They have no club house, but expect in the near future to build a magnificent edifice, which will be a credit to the city and members. The Las Vegas lodge numbers among its membership the chief justice of the territorial supreme court, the United States district attorney of New Mexico, and an ex-governor of the territory; practically every business man of the city is a member, including the bankers and capitalists. It is said of Las Vegas that it has the most select membership of any lodge in the southwest, and this is saying a great deal, for in the states and territories embraced in the southwest

are some mighty fine lodges. Las Vegas is directly on the line of the old Santa Fe trail, from Kansas City to Santa Fe, over which fifty years ago the prairie schooner held right of way, when not disputed by the Indians. It has a delightful summer climate, and its elevation is 6400 feet above sea level, giving it a dry, exhilarating climate in winter as well as in summer. West of the city lie the foothills of the Rockies. A drive of three hours on the famous scenic highway will take you to Harvey's mountain resort, where you are charmed by the beautiful mountain scenery, towering cliffs, forests of pine, spruce and aspen, deep and narrow gorges, and sparkling rivers full of trout, which fascinate the tourist. To the east lies an agricultural empire awaiting development. To the west lies a hunter's and camper's paradise. There are 10,000 inhabitants and the city is modern and up-to-date. It is the county seat of San Miguel county, which is larger than the state of Massachusetts; it has churches of every denomination, public, high, and normal schools, electric light, traction cars, numerous automobiles, burros and one policeman. On our way to Albuquerque we pass the San Dadaí mountains and dry river beds full of mesquite and bunch grass, which very much resemble a sand desert; this portion of land is dry nine months in the year, filling up in winter from storms. The thermometer was 100 this day, yet it did not feel as warm as 80 in New York.

## ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Arriving at Albuquerque we visited the Harvey Museum, which is part of the station. Inside were Navajo Indians weaving and a little child three years old sat by its mother weaving also. All sorts of curios seen there. Mexican filigree work, pottery, fancy woven baskets and the pretty sombreros, blankets and rugs, and all sorts of bead work. The city is very picturesque. You ride in the trolley cars with blanketed Indians, and the important Spaniard, and a village of Navajo hogans nestles near three-story business blocks, and cow-punchers with jingling spurs, and old Mexican peons with vast sombreros mingle with Eastern tourists. This city is the ideal point from which to visit all of the more interesting Indian pueblos and ruins of the southwest. The Alvarado hotel here of the Harvey system is said to be the finest railroad hotel on earth, and cost \$200,000. It is the chief distribution point for the Fred Harvey news, curios, and dining service in the southwest. A new recreation hall is planned to cost about \$30,000, the site for which is ready. The value of the Santa Fe Company's property here is estimated at \$3,500,000, and the freight business amounts to millions of dollars yearly. The Elks are among the strongest of fraternal and social

organizations, with a membership of over 400, and have erected a fine \$75,000 theatre building, where they have club rooms, spacious banquet and ball rooms, armory, buffet, billiard rooms and offices; the theatre which has good fire protection seats 2000 people, and is the best between Denver and Los Angeles. Excellent stock companies fill long engagements at the Elks' Theatre. Albuquerque is just twenty-five years old. Its population is about 25,000 and covers a territory of 500 square miles. In the vicinity of Albuquerque the valley is from five to ten miles wide, threaded everywhere with irrigating canals, for farms, meadows and gardens. The city has fifty miles of fine streets and the best of cement walks, has great sanitariums for health seekers, and is the shipping point of prosperous mining districts. The United States Indian school has an enrollment of 350 Navajo and Pueblo boys and girls, and is one of the largest and most successful Indian schools conducted by the government. It has a force of thirty-four officers and teachers under the superintendent, and covers sixty acres, and cost \$250,000. While at the museum a lady decorated us all with a badge of ribbon, B. P. O. E., No. 461, on which was attached a small sombrero. While waiting for the train to pull out, we had great sport trying to snap the Indians. They do not like you to take their picture, and if they catch you, will come and ask for money. One of our party gave a squaw a quarter, and kissed her just as the other party snapped them. They are certainly a dirty looking piece of humanity, with their hair hanging loose around their faces, and their clothes are every thing but tidy. There were two or three Indian girls there dressed in our

costume, with white waists, sailor hats, and their hair braided. They looked very genteel and intelligent. All of those around the station had something to sell, mostly pottery. From Albuquerque west the train climbs once more up to and over the Continental Divide, and rushing down its western slope crosses to Arizona. Midway in the down hill run is Adamana, the nearest station to the petrified forest, where are several thousand acres of huge petrified trees, glistening in all colors of the rainbow; but we did not go there.

## LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO

We arrived at Laguna about 4 P. M., where we saw peculiar looking houses made of rocks and sand, dried by the sun, after construction. We climbed to the top of the hill, on what they call the pueblo, and saw the Indians in their snake dance; they were all tattooed and in fancy costumes, with feather headgear; they had bow and arrows and swords. Dr. Williamson of our party joined in the dance with a large sombrero on his head, and toward the finish about a dozen were in with them, yelling and whooping, which seemed greatly to amuse everyone. When the dance was over we all threw coins among the Indians, and such scrambling as there was. The children jumped in and picked up the money too. A great many of us took snap shots at the little tots, the squaw with the papoose, and others; mine were not a success. I hope some had better luck. We came down to the train, a great many of the Indians following to sell their wares. While waiting for the train to start, a young girl came across the field on a bronco; she rode finely, and someone said she was the daughter of the governor back of the hills. Leaving Laguna we passed a great many peculiar looking Indian homes, most of them made of mud or sand, with flat tops, just about high enough to stand up in, and some were made of logs. We

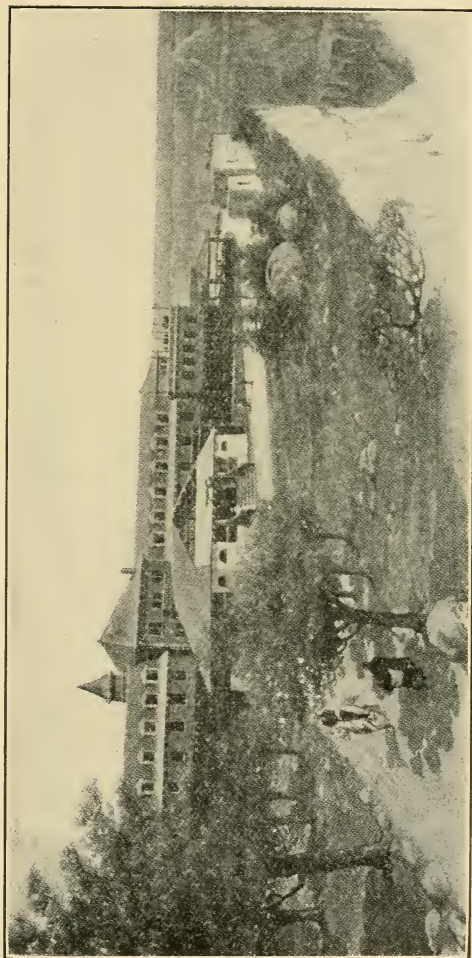
saw quite a few herds of cattle. After dinner we sat and talked awhile; but it took so long for the porter to make up all the bunks, we usually had ours made up among the first, then we would have to shift our traps from one bunk to another, and finally take them back, and retire. One night a young girl said, "Ma, please hand me my kimona," when a gentleman called out, "What is that, something to eat?"



## GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

Half way across Arizona, at Williams, a branch road leaves the main track to the greatest scenic wonder of the world. We arrived at the Grand Canyon at 8 A. M. July 9, expecting to see a grand sight, as we stepped off the train; but first we have to climb a long flight of stairs that lead to the hotel; as you reach the top you can see a great deal of it; but the nearer you get to the edge, the more wonderful the view. A low parapet marks the edge, and a number of benches are ranged along for visitors to witness the wonders. The spectators are silent, awe-struck. It is like looking into another world, different from anything you have ever seen before. For a distance of nearly five hundred miles the Colorado River flows through a series of deep canyons, culminating in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. This chasm begins near the mouth of the Little Colorado River and extends southwest two hundred and seventeen miles. The granite gorge section is sixty-five miles long. Here the plateau level varies from 6500 to 8000 feet above the sea. The rock strata are many tinted, creating a rainbow sea of color. There are safe trails from three points on the southern side from rim to river, Bright Angel, Berrys, and Bass. For the first two miles of Bright Angel trail it is a sort of Jacob's ladder zig-





EL TOVAR, ARIZONA



zagging at an unrelenting pitch. At the end of two miles a gentle slope is reached, known as the blue limestone. As you descend the way looks gloomy and the gorge narrows; the traveller stops beneath a cliff 500 feet high, where there is an Indian grave, and pottery scattered about. This place is called the temple of Seth. A little beyond this point the animals are abandoned and the pass becomes very narrow, rough and difficult until the sandy rift is reached, when they return to the animals, and camp is made for the night, returning the next morning. Some make the trip in seven or eight hours; but it is more restful to remain in camp over night. We saw a party descending and they looked like small animals; we had to watch long and closely to observe them at all, and when they returned in the evening, you never saw such worn-out looking people. I have been told the awful wonders of the trip make some people hysterical. I should think they would. The party leave the hotel about nine in the morning, returning about five, and the guests at the hotel, eagerly watching. The day we were there people fainted, and I was talking to a lady who said she would not have missed the experience for a great deal; but she was quite sore, and would be glad to sit on a soft cushion. At El Tovar you have the best of service. The altitude averages 7000 feet, and in summer the days are comfortable and the nights cool, and if one does not care to stay in the sun, there are plenty of shady spots. Yet you could sit along the parapet for hours, and always see something new. I would like to spend a week or more in the vicinity, as there are many fine drives from the hotel, and walking is fine also. El Tovar is a long low edifice built of native boulders and

pine logs brought from Oregon; the width north and south is three hundred and twenty-seven feet, and from east to west two hundred and eighteen feet, and has the appearance of a large country club house. They can accommodate 250 guests, and their rooms are large and comfortable. The drinking water comes from a mountain spring ninety miles away. There is a broad porch where you can sit comfortably and order refreshments. The rendezvous is a delightful place, where electric lights placed in log squares look very unique, and gray Navajo rugs cover the floor. Around the room on the shelving repose heads of elk, deer, moose, sheep, and buffalo, mingling with curiously shaped and fancy tinted Indian jars from the pueblos. The dining-room is eighty-nine feet long, by thirty-eight feet wide, arched overhead, the roof supported by six huge log trusses, which are finished in rough wood, brown as a coffee berry. The two end fireplaces are built of gray sandstone. The waitresses are all dressed in white uniforms. You may dine with other guests, or have a private dining-room. The most critical traveller never kicks when he sits down to enjoy a dinner served by Fred Harvey. Did you know Fred Harvey? If not, your education has been sadly neglected. He used to run a restaurant, and ran it so well that the Santa Fé folks got him to establish a line of restaurants along the road from Chicago to California, and also down into Texas. Some say that the Santa Fé made Fred Harvey, and others that Fred Harvey made the Santa Fé. He is dead, but the standard of excellence set can never go back. Man like Deity creates his own image.

## THE HARVEY GIRL

I have seen some splendid paintings in my day  
And I have looked at faultless statuary;  
I've seen the orchard trees abloom in May  
And watched their colors in the shadows vary;  
I have viewed the noblest shrines in Italy  
And gazed upon the richest mosques of Turkey,  
But the fairest of all sights, it seems to me,  
Was a Harvey girl I saw in Albuquerque.

O that pretty Harvey girl was good to see,  
Her presence and her manner made me glad;  
As she heaped things on my plate  
I kept busy thanking Fate  
For her deftness and the appetite I had.

I have heard the wind blow softly through the trees,  
I have listened to the robin blithely singing;  
I have heard the mellow sounds float on the breeze  
When far-off matin bells were slowly ringing;  
I have heard great Paderewski pound the keys;  
But the pretty Harvey girl, as I'm a sinner,  
Produced the blithest of all melodies  
As she clicked the plates while handing me my dinner.

S. E. KISER.

There are more than a hundred sleeping-rooms, and the sun penetrates them all at some hour of the day. Everything looks bright and cheerful at El Tovar. The sleeping-rooms have rough sand finished walls and ceiling, tinted in buff, Nile green and cream colors. There are twelve rooms more elaborately decorated with wall papers, and furniture of rich pattern, with Wilton carpets. It is steam heated, electric lighted, and telephone service is quickly responded to. In the suite rooms colonial style, mahogany finish is used, in the other rooms, fumed oak, old mission style.

They have twenty large bathrooms. The office is on the main floor, where you can buy newspapers, magazines, postcards, cigars and candy. As you look up you may see some friend smiling from the rotunda rail where the ladies' lounging-room is located, draped in crimson hangings. The music-room is so daintily furnished that it is a favorite resort for lovers of music and dancing. At a short distance from the hotel is the Hopi house, an irregular stone structure plastered with adobe, occupying a ground space sixty by ninety feet, three stories high, in front of which stood a ladder, by which we had our photos taken, also one of Mr. Vincent, which was very fine. In the Hopi house the Indians are busy weaving, burning pottery, spinning yarn, or making blankets. Their rooms are little and low, and floors and walls are kept clean. The men make silver ornaments. Elle of Ganada, the most famous blanket weaver of the Navajos, sometimes makes her headquarters at the Grand Canyon. There is also a Pomo basket exhibited, the finest of its kind in the world. The Navajo Indians are the largest of our remaining tribes, there being about twenty thousand of them on their twenty thousand square mile reservation. They do not settle in villages, but move their huts from place to place, and are so widely scattered that you may travel for days and not meet a single Indian, and yet the traveller is constantly seen by the beady black eyes of the Navajo, who in hiding watches every movement of the white stranger. They are fond of games and all kinds of sports. They own thousands of ponies, and make their own saddles and bridles, some of which are beautifully decorated with silver work. In the southern part of Arizona is another tribe, a commu-



nity of about two thousand, which is run by the women. They own all the property, and make proposals of marriage. They also build the houses, and men live in them and do the family dressmaking. These are the Hopi tribe, meaning peaceful people, who are very curious. The Hopi towns are the oldest continuously inhabited cities on the continent. Their little villages are perched way up on the cliffs which project into the desert like great promontories into the sea, built of stone, in irregular pyramid form. They are an agricultural people; but their farming is attended with many difficulties. To secure a crop it is necessary to plant the seed in the beds of dry water courses, as these are the only places where sufficient moisture can be found. Storms and cloud-bursts are frequent in this barren land, and the water channels soon fill to overflowing, destroying in a few minutes the labor of months. All their ceremonies, such as the snake and flute dance, are dramatized prayers for rain, and are among the most interesting religious observances of any primitive people in the world. We spent a very interesting day at El Tovar, and while seated in our train waiting to start at 9 P. M., quite a number of our party on the platform were singing, "My mama told me if I was goodie, that she would buy me a rubber dollie; but when I told her I loved a soldier, she would not buy me a rubber dollie." Nearly everyone on the platform joined in, and it was finally taken up by those on the train, which made quite a loud chorus.

Southern Arizona is not a desert. It is a land of many attractions and of strong contrasts; but with a home side that will interest you. It is like none of the states, and cannot be judged from eastern standpoints. It offers

much which cannot be seen from a car window. Some of the richest lands in the world are here; but have not been occupied on account of periodical overflows. The great expense of providing for irrigation is being assumed by the government, and will be charged back to the land, and returned in installments for ten years, payments beginning after the first delivery of water, which will be about \$35.00 per acre. There will be no favoritism, the man above you will not get more than his share, nor the man below less. A government official will have charge of the distribution. I wonder if he will be square? So few are.

In communities where irrigation is used, eighty acres is considered too large a holding, and forty acres ample to support a family. Two of the grandest irrigation plans are now being carried out in Arizona. These are known as the Yuma Project and the Salt River Project, which involve much time and great expense in construction. The Yuma dam on the Colorado River is of the weir type, such as are in use in India, and is located on a river as interesting, if not as famous, as the Nile of Egypt, which it resembles. The Salt River dam will turn back the combined flow of the Salt River and the Verde, forming a reservoir twenty-five miles long, with an average width of one and a half miles, and the land actually covered by this vast artificial lake was once cultivated by the cliff dwellers, the outlines of their long-abandoned fields being clearly visible when the first white farmers came into this secluded valley. The mysterious people who built towns and vast houses, and dug great canals from which to water the land, left no other record of themselves save that they were farmers. No one



knows how long ago the cliff dwellers built their houses of solid stone, in the recesses of the cliffs, or why they left them suddenly and mysteriously. There are no signs of war or destruction, and the traditions of the oldest Indian tribes do not tell. There are thousands of the ruins, from buildings almost perfect to scattered heaps of stone. There are cliff dwellings from which the ladders of the buildings have long since dropped away, and to which no one knows the route. The region inhabited by them covers a considerable area in Southern Colorado and Utah, and Northern New Mexico. It is a rough and rugged country; but the richness of the soil and mildness of the climate have brought settlers to the narrow valleys, so that many of the ruins can be visited. There is nothing more interesting or picturesque than these quaint ruins. There were also other inhabitants before the cliff dwellers living in holes and caves in the rocks. They left pictures and pottery behind to show they were more than ordinary savages; but no clew as to when they came, or when or why they left their abodes. This whole region is now inhabited by Indian tribes and Mexicans, peaceable people devoted to farming, but picturesque and interesting. There is no dry farming in Arizona. It is all under the irrigation system.

A stop over of one day at Adamana, on the line of the Santa Fé in Arizona, will permit the traveller to view one of the few natural wonders of the world. Silicified wood is found on the east forks of the Yellowstone, and on the high plateaus of Southern Utah. On the old stage line from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon, it was one of the pastimes of the traveller to make collections of silicified wood, which could be seen in great abun-

dance along the roadside; but in Apache County, Arizona, vast deposits of petrified wood from the size of a marble to trees more than two hundred feet in length, are huddled together in an area of many square miles. The forest covers many thousands of acres, in five separate tracts, all easily accessible from Adamana. In the first forest the chief object of interest is the natural log bridge, which spans a chasm sixty feet wide. A trunk of jasper and agate overhanging a tree-fringed pool. In the second forest are the twin sisters. In the third forest the tree trunks are larger than elsewhere, and less broken. This district contains many whole trees partly imbedded in the earth, and are magnificent blocks of agate, comprising every tint of the rainbow. The Blue forest is noted for the beautiful blue tints of the trees. The North Sigillaria forest contains many finely preserved specimens of the carboniferous period, some of the tree trunks still standing as they grew. The general scenery here is very picturesque. The Petrified Forest may be visited any day in the year, except when high water renders the streams temporarily impassable. At Tiffany's in New York may be seen a huge slab of petrified wood which has been polished. Most persons think it is marble or onyx. Few realize that it is a slice of a giant tree in a section of our country two thousand five hundred miles from the metropolis. It is truly marvelous to look upon millions of tons of glistening petrified trees. On some of the slopes where they lie huddled together, it is as if whole quarries of marble and onyx had been dynamited, and the colorings are varied and beautiful. You must not expect to see the trees standing except in the North Sigillaria forest. They are

mostly prone upon the ground, in a vast basin, which was once the bed of an ancient sea, and in that frame of earth may be seen trunks of trees and huge blocks of petrified wood set like garnets. One may spend a whole week looking for specimens, and never tire. All who have seen the petrified forest say it is well worth visiting.

On the morning of July 10 it was very warm, and we were riding through a desert which seemed nothing but sand. About ten o'clock it was much warmer, and by noon you could scarcely breathe. It was 125 in the shade, and when you put your hand out the window, it seemed almost to scorch, yet the train people said they never knew it to be so cool when crossing Death's Valley. Yet they say no one ever dies of sunstroke, because the air is so dry. If a tramp should be found on the train, the government will not allow him to be put off, as he would die on the road for want of water. Yet along the road at long intervals we would pass a little settlement, consisting of two or three adobe houses and sheds for the animals to go under. We also passed quite a town called Bagdad, where there were a few date palms, with little troughs dug all around them, and water running in from a pipe, irrigating. The people standing around were as brown as Spaniards, and probably they were. Our next stop was San Bernardino, Cal., arriving there about 3 P. M. As we stopped at the station a party of ladies threw all kinds of beautiful flowers in the car windows, and as we alighted they gave each one of us a bouquet; others had baskets of cherries and oranges, which they passed to everyone on the train, and some had more than they could carry. There were autos trimmed with purple and white pam-

pas plumes waiting to show us the city; but we were about four hours late, and only waited on the station platform long enough to have our train switched on what is called The Inside Flyer tracks. San Bernardino lies in the heart of the valley, and is now becoming known as the city of Mineral Springs. It is the fountain city of Southern California, and draws a pure water supply through hundreds of Artesian wells from caverns far below. It is a business centre of large sawmill industry in the mountains, and is surrounded by a rich fruit country. The well-known Harlem Hot Springs are reached by the Highland Railroad, occupying the same station as the lines of the Southern Pacific. The population is about 15,000. The two mountain peaks, San Bernardino and Grayback, reach an altitude of 12,600 feet, placing them among the highest in the United States. We were very sorry to miss seeing the city, but we were due at Redlands, Cal., 1:30, and it was almost 3:30 when we left San Bernardino.



SMILEY HEIGHTS





## REDLANDS, CAL.

We reached Redlands about 6 P. M., where carriages were in waiting. As soon as we were all ready, the whole party were taken up through Canon Crest Park, better known as Smiley Heights, and renowned the world over for its beauty. There are two hundred acres of flower gardens, with an immense number of varieties of trees and shrubs besides. The geraniums are three and four feet high, some even higher. The views are magnificent as you wind up and around the hills, catching glimpses through the trees, until you come to some level spot with a fine open view, when the driver stops for a moment so you can take it all in. You look down in the valley across to the mountains, and the beautiful homes. It is a pretty sight; even though it was the poorest season of the year, it was beautiful. There are forty varieties of eucalyptus trees, twenty of acacias, and fifteen of palms. There is also an A. K. Smiley Public Library built in the old mission style, set in a fine park, containing about 12,000 volumes. It is a gift from A. K. Smiley, and its material worth alone is \$40,000. The Smiley Bros. have also two beautiful mountain resorts in New York State, at Lake Mohonk and Lake Minnewaska, which can be reached by stage from New Palz.

Lake Mohonk is a very beautiful spot, and has fine

gardens also. Redlands has magnificent homes, excellent hotels and boulevards. Many of the handsome private houses are owned by wealthy easterners; but the city does not depend on them for support. The fruit crop, 1906-'07, yielded about 3600 carloads, and the orchards are young yet. The city is electric lighted, paved with asphalt, and in the business section, handsomely built with brick and stone, no wood being allowed. Many points of interest in the mountains are reached by stage, horseback, or the slow, sure-footed burro, to whom no trail is too narrow. In the winter, summer camps are located all through the San Bernardino mountains. Redlands has a population of 10,000, with 14,000 acres of magnificent fruits.



## RIVERSIDE, CAL.

We did not reach Riverside until after 9 P. M., and went immediately to the hotel for dinner. Although dark when we entered the grounds of the Glenwood Hotel, it was very prettily lighted. The archway was studded with purple and white electric lights, and the hotel presented a very romantic picture in its setting of magnificent trees and stately palms.

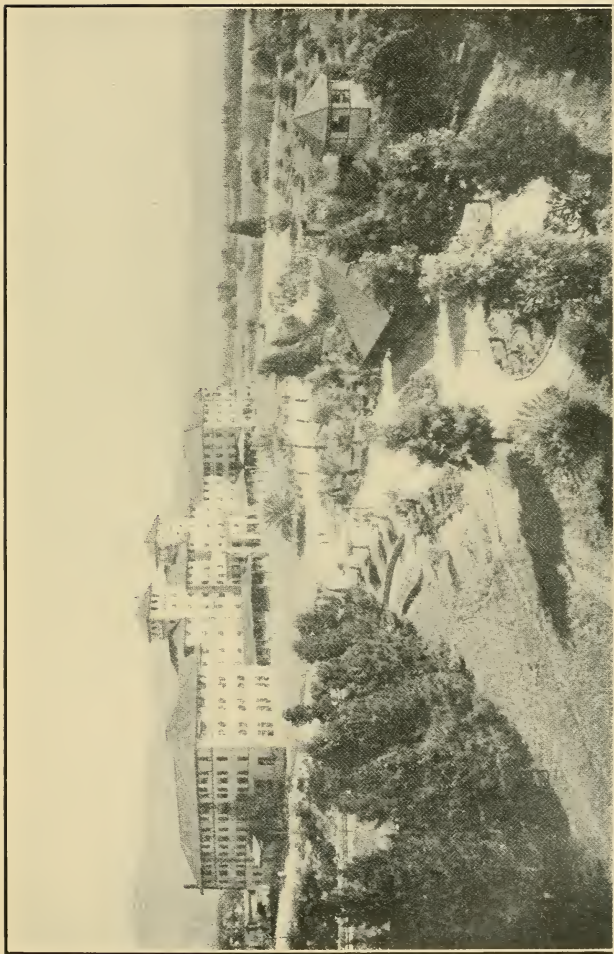
The beautiful Paseo de las Palms, a promenade seven hundred feet long, bordered with graceful palms and gorgeous flowers, faces the court. Beyond are the majestic snow-capped mountains and the quiet valley. The hotel is called the California Mission Hotel. Every available corner that lends a chance of carrying out the mission style of architecture has been graced with an arch, from which a bell hangs, a mute emblem of early California life when the monks lived there. From the style of architecture to the furniture and finishing hardware, no stone was left unturned to make the hotel typical of early California days. It is fireproof throughout, steam heated, every room with a bath. There is not a door-knob in the building; every door is opened by an old-fashioned iron latch. After dinner we had a fine automobile ride along beautiful Magnolia Avenue. Between the magnolia trees were immense palms, fine pep-

per and eucalyptus trees. The avenue is a double roadway of seven miles, and brilliantly lighted, on which is also a fine Indian school with cement walks, power house and ice plant. The same ride in daylight must be a beautiful sight. The city of Riverside is fifty-eight miles from Los Angeles. Its population is 12,000. Its principal business and the basis of its wonderful prosperity and wealth is growing and shipping oranges and lemons. There are twenty thousand acres of orange groves under cultivation in the fertile valley. This land is irrigated from artesian wells, the water flowing through fifty miles of cemented canals. The city of Riverside is bounded by the hills, and covers fifty-six square miles, and every mile productive. About thirty-five square miles are under irrigation. It owns its electric plant and has power to sell. The opera house is one of the finest in the State, and the hotels of a high standard. The Y. M. C. A. possesses a handsome home. There are many fine churches and no saloons. The streets are paved, and it has many fine boulevards. A magnificent high school, mission style, has just been completed. A new court house has recently been built at a cost of \$100,000, all paid for. Over the old adobe, saved as a portion of the new Glenwood Hotel, are seen the red moss-grown and discolored old tiles from the Polar Mission near Temecula, tiles made by the Indians under the direction of the Franciscan Missionary, Father Peyri, about the time we were getting rested from the War of the Revolution. No one can quite describe the charm of this hotel, the result of years' experience and consummate skill and taste of Mr. Frank Miller and his wife. No hotel has a more congenial or accommodating host than Mr. Miller. We

were very sorry not to see Riverside by daylight, but made the most of our short stay around the hotel grounds. You see we had quite a series of views this day. From the heat of Death's Valley to the beautiful ride at Redlands, and the nice cool ride at Riverside, which certainly made us forget the heat of the forenoon, we were tired and ready to go back to our train. A great many of us were on the train by 12 o'clock, but we did not leave Riverside until 3 A. M.

## LOS ANGELES

We arrived at Los Angeles very early Sunday morning, July 11. In fact much earlier than we had been expected, for on arriving at the King Edward Hotel, where we were scheduled to locate, the occupants of some of the rooms had not yet thought of arising, and the proprietor of the café had to close his doors, as he had not sufficient help to serve us, and any one knows who has travelled on a train for four or five days that a bath and clean clothes are the first things sought for; but as we could not get our room right away we dined first, and managed to secure quite a good breakfast, then went to our room and made ourselves quite comfortable, after which we went to the registration bureau, where we received our pins and badges, and telephoned an aunt of ours residing at Highland Park that we had arrived. She told us to go back to the hotel and wait for her, as it would take her half an hour or more to come in town. She had left New York seven years previous, and we were all eager to meet. When she arrived, after the usual greetings, we went out to her home, about half an hour's ride on the trolley, then a mile further in a carriage. My cousin went back to Los Angeles after dinner; but my aunt and I spent the afternoon and remained all night, and you can imagine what a fine time



HOTEL RAYMOND, PASADENA



we had telling all the home news. Her home is a four-room bungalow, all improvements and telephone service. We spent a very enjoyable day, while the rest of the party were seeing the city in autos, all free for the Elks and their ladies. We missed the ride; but we thoroughly enjoyed the quiet country and rest, and from the front porch of Aunt Net's house you could see the snow mountains in the distance. The fields and hills were very dry and brown in places when we were there; but she said it was beautiful there in the winter. Monday's Los Angeles' *Examiner* stated that forty-eight special trains rolled into town yesterday, bringing twenty-five thousand Elks and members of their families, to join in the festivities arranged for them. The Los Angeles Elks No. 99 were kept busy escorting the incoming crowds to their various locations, and I was told Monday you could hear bands playing all day long. The streets were crowded with Elks either in glittering buttons and badges, or the purple and white pendants. While people had to stand in line and wait their turn for the auto ride, they were good-natured, and were taken to the principal residential section, which the cars do not traverse, and all praised Lodge No. 99 highly, who were the entertainers. Cars were procured from every available quarter for the benefit of the antlered herd. At eleven o'clock Sunday night all the Elks' clocks in Pasadena were stopped, not to be started again until after the toast to Our Absent Brothers, on the night of Sunday, July 18. Monday being Pasadena day, most of the crowd gathered there. Out at Tournament Park they had five thousand pounds of beef roasting in barbecue pits. Ten thousand orders of beans were put in Boston pots



and turned out hot. A drayload of coffee and sugar were taken to the park, and every bake shop in Pasadena worked overtime to produce fifteen thousand loaves of bread for sandwiches, just for the Elks and their friends, all free. Beginning at eleven o'clock A. M. all hands were served with delicious beef, hot beans, bread and coffee. Tables under the shade of immense live oak trees were provided near at hand, where the guests ate their lunch. A tap on the judges' gong started the carnival of sports at one-thirty, which consisted of Roman chariot races, the burro chariot burlesque, the wild west stage hold-up, and the push ball game between the Circle Stars and the Black Cross teams. We did not stay to see it all, and on our way back to Los Angeles we visited the Cawston Ostrich Farm. The first sight is one of semi-tropical beauty. Palm trees, rose bowers, and seasonable flowers greet the eye. The entrance is through the salesroom, where can be seen very beautiful plumes and boas, considered the finest in the world. Outside is the farm where at the time we were there they had one hundred and fifty birds. It is necessary to keep the birds in corrals, and away from the public, as they are fond of anything that glitters, and would endeavor to steal it from the visitor. Occasionally one becomes angry, and in that condition is very dangerous. Another purpose of the corrals is to separate the different flocks. The chicks are kept by themselves, and for the first few days are fed on nothing but gravel; as they grow they are transferred to different corrals, and after mating are given corrals by themselves, where they can nest without interference. The male bird is very dark brown, and usually sits upon the nest at night. The hen birds are



gray, and sit during the day because their plumage is so nearly the color of the surrounding ground. Ostriches are peculiar in their habits. They will swallow gimlets, lighted pipes, nails, bits of jewelry and glass, and almost anything that comes in their way. The guide threw three oranges in succession to an ostrich; he caught them all, and you could see them all going down his long neck whole. On plucking day, one sees a big feathery ostrich driven into a corner by several men and a hood placed over his head. The matured feathers are then selected and cut, leaving about an inch of the quill, which after a time falls out. The operation is entirely painless. Sometimes a man will climb upon an ostrich's back when it is released, and be carried at a tremendous zigzag pace around the corral. By careful, regular feeding and proper breeding, Mr. Cawston has developed the finest birds on earth. Opposite the farm is the Indian Crafts exhibition, where the Indian is seen as in his native wilds, and the savages give an exhibition of their native songs and dances well worth seeing. We returned to the city and visited a couple of the department stores, went back to the hotel for dinner, then out again to see the illuminations. For more than a mile the festoons of purple and white lights gleamed on each of the three principal downtown streets—Broadway, Spring, and Main. From the front and sides of business houses, hotels, theatres, office buildings, and in truth, every structure along the three thoroughfares, other lights were shining, aiding in the general display without in the least breaking the ensemble effect of the festooned lanterns. The lamp-posts were all decorated with waving palm leaves. From the court house glittered "Hello, Bill." The street illu-

minations were to continue until the last visiting Elk left the city. The display is to remain one of the features of the big convention. The streets were too crowded for comfort, and at nine-thirty we went back to the hotel and had a good night's rest.

Tuesday morning most of our party had the pleasure of taking the Tilton Trolley Trip. The cars leave promptly at nine and nine-thirty every day from the Pacific Electric depot, and run through busy Main Street to Los Angeles Street, the heart of what was formerly the business centre of Los Angeles, but is now mostly wholesale houses, then out through the north-western part of the city, where there are pretty villas surrounded by trees and plenty of ground. Out beyond the business centre, we come to the private way of the Pacific Electric, known as the Pasadena Short Line, and where an average speed of forty miles an hour is maintained, until we come to Scheutzen Park, just beyond the city limits, which is quite a German resort. We next pass the Sierra Vista Junction, with magnificent views of the mountains, and the orange groves and rose-hedged highways reaching out toward Pasadena in an almost unbroken chain. Pasadena, that city which wealth and refinement have made a seeming paradise of verdure and lovely homes with many tourist hotels that have a world-wide reputation. It is a city of 25,000 population, and as the car passed through the principal streets, one notices from the absence of saloons that the white ribbons are in control. We turn south again, through Colorado Street, lined by homes of many wealthy and well-known men, passing orange groves to Oak Knoll, and Hotel Wentworth, at the head of the valley, covered

with orange groves as far as the eye can reach, and to Huntington Drive, the finest boulevard in that section of the country. We travel rapidly over the country to the sleepy old Spanish town of San Gabriel, and one can scarcely realize that there can be such a complete change of scene so short a distance from the busy metropolis. The old mission is very picturesque and was founded in 1771 by the Franciscan Fathers, the fourth oldest mission in the country, and some of the vestments in the mission were one hundred and thirty-five years old, made of silk, elaborately trimmed with gold braid. They still have service every Sunday, with a small number of communicants compared to the olden days. The grapevine in the mission grounds is the largest in the world. It covers nearly five thousand square feet, is over five feet in circumference, and its roots extend more than two hundred feet in every direction. It is composed of one root and three branches, and in the early days was known as El' Paron de la Trinidad, meaning Trinity Vine, three persons in one. It never receives irrigation or cultivation, and owing to these facts and dense foliage the grapes are small; but the crop is abundant. The leaves, some of which measure twelve inches across, are used by natives for fever and headaches. It is the custom of all parties taking this ride, to sit or stand directly in front of the mission and have their photos taken, which are ready on returning in the afternoon. The next stop is the Cawston Ostrich farm, free to all on the Tilton Trolley Trip. We had visited there on Monday, so remained in the car, and waited until the rest of the party came back.

From this point we are en route to the beaches, passing

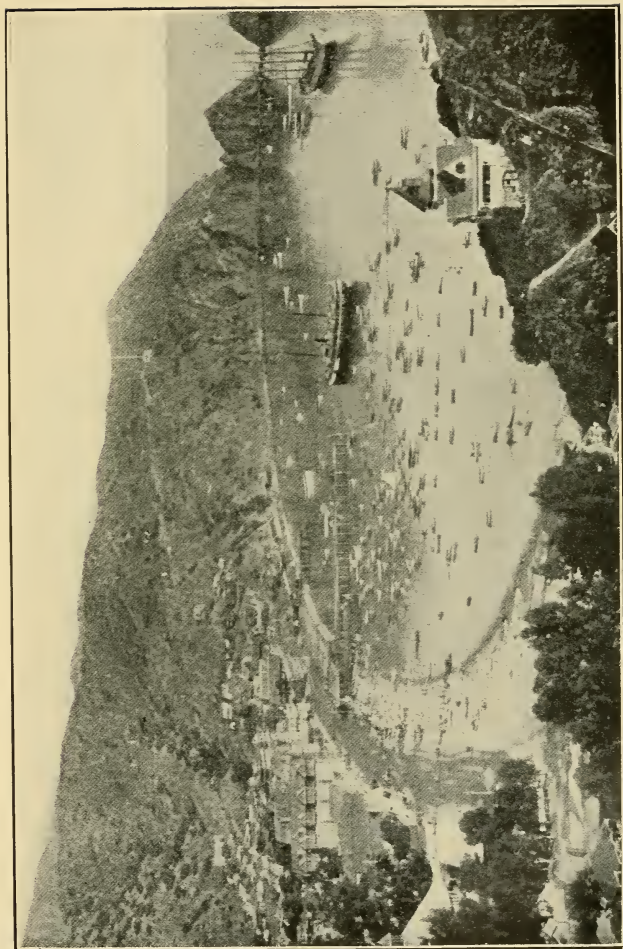
through the metropolis over the route taken on our outward journey, to the four-track line of the greatest trolley system in America, fully protected by Safety Block Signals, direct to the Pacific Ocean, a run of thirty-three miles, and how we did go. After the road leaves the busy city toward the beaches, we pass by gardens and orchards to the wide reaches of farming and grazing lands, past the busy dairying centre of Compton, over what was once the broad acres of the old Dominques Ranch, with its high bluffs on the right where the line of San Pedro diverges, marking the scene of the last encounters between the American and Mexican forces, over the long trestle and bridge thrown across Bixby's slough, and then with Signal Hill, 364 feet high, to the left, down to the water front. We enjoyed the morning's ride immensely; but was glad to go to the hotel for dinner, and being among the first served managed to get a fairly good dinner; but those who came later made all sorts of complaints, and a great many dined elsewhere. After dinner we went down to the beach, where they have a pleasure pier and auditorium that cost \$100,000, and is built with two decks. It has a large sun parlor and dancing pavilion on the outer end over the ocean, and Long Beach is called the Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast. We spent two hours here, then back to the cars, and on our way back along the ocean front. The water of the Pacific is very changeable, sometimes it looks bright green, then a deep blue, and is very calm. We spent a glorious day, and no one should miss the Tilton Trolley Trip who goes to Los Angeles—one hundred miles for one dollar, returning to Los Angeles about 6 p. m. Tuesday evening we took

in the Belasco Theatre, and New Jersey received many a hard hit from those on the stage. Just think of it, we had to go way to Los Angeles to see a play entitled, "A Day and a Night in New York." All the Los Angeles theatres were free to the Elks and their friends Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and the houses were all crowded. So ended our third day at Los Angeles.

## CATALINA ISLAND

Wednesday morning some of the party went to Catalina Island, and some to Mount Lowe. We left the Pacific Electric Depot about 9 A. M., reaching the San Pedro wharf in about an hour, where we boarded the steamer that takes us to Catalina Island. The steamer was so crowded that a great many of us had to stand all the way out to the island, which was more than two hours' sailing. It was very calm, the boat rocked a little bit once. It was a fine sail, and even though standing it was interesting to watch the changes in the water, sometimes blue, then green, and also interesting to watch the different classes of humanity, all nationalities. On arriving at Avalon we immediately made our way to the pier for the glass-bottom boat; and it was well we did, for when we came back the pier was crowded, and I doubt if everyone was allowed the privilege of seeing the wonderful sights at the bottom of the bay. M. Huret, a French editor, describes Santa Catalina quite eloquently. After praising the trip across to the Island, he describes the marine gardens. Floating on the green and blue water in the glass bottom boats, one sees the goings and comings of aquatic life. The boatman names to you the marine plants and the fish, and tells you the different depths. One is astounded, one ques-





AVALON BAY





tions, one exclaims! Here are shell encrusted rocks, red, green, and goldfish, zigzagging leisurely among the waving foliage, the seaweed gracefully balancing with the tide. On the clear bottom the sea throws beautiful reflections; here are real trees with long branches, waving as on land by a tempest, great fish of all shapes appear, as in an artificial aquarium, the starfish shine in the shadows of the rocks; then more luxuriant foliage, with branches bearing clusters of fruit resembling olives. One would think these were fertile fields suddenly submerged by a tempest. Leaning over the transparencies in the bottom of the boats, people go into ecstasies, and is it any wonder, for every word of this is true. I saw it all. There are divers on the boats who go under the boats and you can see them pick up the shells from the bottom, and bring them up to the passengers to purchase; some of the pearl colorings are very beautiful. You can also take a marine automobile, one of the specially designed Catalina launches, and run down to the sea lion rookery and photograph it, or to Moonstone Beach, where the beautiful gems of chalcedony are found. There is no trip exactly like it in the world. The boating and bathing is unexcelled. When we were making fast to the dock, passengers on our steamer threw coins in the water to the boys who were in bathing, the water being so clear, you could see the coins. A remarkable display is made in glass tanks of living plants and animals of Avalon Bay. This exhibition is one of the most interesting features of the Island, and furnishes a rare opportunity for the study of marine life. The town of Avalon, with its picturesque cottages and homes on the hillsides, is built on a beautiful half-moon shaped bay, with fleets of boats and yachts

of all sizes moored here and there. Santa Catalina Island has perfect sanitary regulations, the whole under the supervision of a resident physician and health officers. No locality in the United States has such convenience for campers, nor can any other place show such an attractive picture of cozy canvas habitations. Every effort is made to cater to the comfort and pleasure of campers. The streets are clean and sprinkled, and all garbage removed from the premises daily. It is an island twenty-two miles long, a park in the Pacific Ocean; a mountain range by the sea, a bit of the world by itself, which in its climate, natural beauties and opportunities for sport comes as near perfection as one can find. It abounds in beautiful lofty mountains, deep gorges, stupendous rock cliffs and precipices. Its south and west coast has the surf and a bracing climate. Its north and east is a region of calms, little bays with glass-like surfaces reflecting the rocks and mountains. It is also the fashionable resort of Southern California, and is patronized equally by those who wish to escape the duties of fashionable life. There are cottages, shops, hotels, and boarding-houses. The Metropole, the principal hotel, up-to-date in every respect, is situated directly on the bay. It has every comfort, a beautiful ballroom and stage, fine parlors, and rooms with all the modern conveniences. About twelve miles from Avalon are quarries in operation, of a fine green serpentine stone which is shipped to Banning Company's works and manufactured into mantels, bases, switch-boards, and many other useful and ornamental articles. The ancient inhabitants used this stone for household vessels and implements, and its durability is demonstrated by the work in this material which the

Indians left on the island, possibly hundreds of years ago, and which are being continually discovered. We spent about four hours at Catalina Island looking at curios, sitting on the beach, watching the bathers, and taking in everything worth seeing. Some of us started for the steamer quite early, to procure a seat, as we did not favor the idea of standing going back.

We managed to locate on the first deck by the railing on the sunny side, and as there was quite a stiff breeze blowing the sun's rays felt very comfortable. We saw a great many flying fish, they would dart out of the water quickly, and fly the length of the steamer. We enjoyed the sail immensely, and on our arrival at San Pedro had to wait about twenty minutes for our car to return to Los Angeles. In the meantime I was looking at a long breakwater, and wondering what it was. I heard afterward that the government is expending millions of dollars in creating a free harbor. This means a breakwater eight hundred feet long and fourteen feet above water at low tide, with a base one hundred and ninety feet wide, and twenty feet across the top. As the water is about fifty feet deep, this engineering work sets up a wall sixty-four feet high, against which the water will break. This inner harbor will be dredged, and have an area of about twelve hundred acres and a depth of twenty-five feet. San Pedro is feeling the results of this improvement of the port and is growing rapidly. It has taken its place among the prosperous ports of the Pacific Coast.

## MOUNT LOWE

The trip up Mt. Lowe is made by way of the Pacific Electric, forming an interesting system of mountain railway, which extends to Alpine Tavern at a height of about five thousand feet. One thousand feet higher up is Mt. Lowe, reached by bridle-path, from which can be seen the blue ranges in Mexico, the twin peaks of Catalina Island, and midway the plains, dotted with orange and lemon groves, cities and hamlets, a very pleasing and impressive sight. It is a trip of wonderful views, through cañons and pine forests. Mt. Wilson also is reached by trail, and affords as fine a view as Mt. Lowe, and about the same height. There is a fine camp at Mt. Wilson, rates from five dollars a week up. The trip to Mt. Lowe from Los Angeles can be made in a few hours, leaving after luncheon, and back to the city for an early dinner. Wednesday evening my aunt came in from Highland Park, and spent the night with us at the hotel, so as to be in town early in the morning for the parade. We walked around town for a while, then came back to the hotel, went to our room, and had a real nice family chat, and retired. About 9 A. M. Thursday morning we started out leisurely along Spring Street till we came to Bamberger's large department store, opposite which there was a grand stand, where we had purchased

seats a few days previous at the rate of two dollars each. We had the second row, finely located, and were having great sport watching people passing by and hearing funny sayings. It was very warm, and the sun shone brightly. A great many people had bought the Elks' Parasol, purple and white stripes with "Los Angeles, 1909," around the edge, to protect them from the sun; but as soon as the parade was in sight, some one called out, put down all parasols, and I am glad to say they all obeyed promptly. The parade, which has always been one of the leading features of the Grand Lodge meetings, was one of the finest ever witnessed. The numerous herds under the direction of Brother Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, California, began moving at 10 A. M., headed by Chief of Police Edward Dishman, and a platoon of his finest on horseback, who kept the multitudes back on the sidewalks. With an inspiring march, the great brass band of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, B. P. O. E., numbering eighty pieces, headed by the liveliest drum major on earth, marched past and took up a position above the stand, opening in the centre while the police automobiles and carriages got away, after leaving the guests at the stand. The Grand Lodge officers, headed by Grand Exalted Ruler Holland, and closely followed by Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Sammis, arrived in two four-horse landaus, and were escorted to the reviewing stand by Committee, John G. Mott and D. C. Casselman. Then came the Grand Lodge officers and past rulers and Mayor Alexander. Meanwhile the crack drill corps of No. 99 maneuvered so as to form in line below the stand, between which the exalted guests drove to their places. Later the white uniforms found seats on the stand, and cheered

their marching brothers. New York Lodge No. 1, composed of a delegation of twenty, headed the long column of marchers, wearing black and red hat bands, carrying plumes and flags. Philadelphia No. 2 was preceded by a carriage carrying its great banner. The representatives of this lodge wore white suits, with green lapels, green stripes, and white and green-banded umbrellas that they twirled as they marched, followed by two tallyhos of smiling women with their green parasols and black-banded yellow straw hats. San Francisco and San Mateo brought up the finale of this division, and were dressed in gray suits and white shoes, carrying poppy sun-shades, giving an ensemble that brought bursts of cheers. Olympic Club athletes in "gym." suits, marched with them. Cincinnati led the third division of the march. There was a carriage of officials, the Herrmann band, and then the Hermann marchers led by the only "Garry" himself. They were dressed in golf suits, red jackets, gray caps, green stockings, gray knickerbockers, and carried golf "putters" at salute. Green collars and cuffs added splendor to the brilliant coats. Three automobile floats followed the delegation. In bowers of hydrangeas and beneath festoons of asparagus ferns, and preceded by Elk's head "bowsprits," rosy-cheeked women beamed from beneath their rose-bordered straw hats. Sacramento Lodge was preceded by a band, and the representatives wore gray suits, gray crush hats, carried purple pennants, and their arms were girded by purple and the number of their lodge. Boston No. 10 was noteworthy. The men wore colonial costumes, three-cornered hats, powdered wigs, blue jackets, yellow vests and



breeches and black leggings, and carried rifles to which American flags had been attached. Behind them came the Boston monument represented on a float and guarded by armed sentries; two tallyhos filled with colonial dames, in powdered wig and patches, followed. Pittsburg No. 11 wore gray suits, and purple hat-bands. Denver produced one of the beauties of the day. The men of No. 17 were neatly dressed in white, carried white parasols festooned together with white feathery streamers, and a white canopied float bore white-robed girls. A Lone Buck from Indianapolis No. 13 followed. No band preceded him; but he had a standard bearer and he paced along right smartly in a tuxedo and opera hat. The New Orleans band played "Dixie," and hosts from the Southland cheered. Half-finished Panamas, bamboo canes, white shirts and duck trousers distinguished this delegation. Detroit, where its representatives say that life is worth living, and where the Elks are going to herd next year, followed, its band leading. The Detroit drill team, in its neat military suits of slate-gray coat, white trousers and shoes, executed a short series of formations in front of the reviewing stand that were as pleasing to the eye as they must have been to the grand officers who received the honor. San Diego "Bills" came along on their sea legs. They wore duck suits, yachting caps, and they showed their aversion to land by singing "How Dry I Am," or perhaps they meant something else. Salt Lake Elks rode in tallyhos, and must have been to conventions before, and announced themselves this way, M-O-R-M-O-N-S — Mormons! There were thirty men and three women in the gathering. Chillicothe, Ohio, was represented by sister Elks.

The pretty women rode in a tallyho and wore blue military jackets and caps—one of the neatest features of the day. Pueblo No. 90 had a goodly number of representatives, including the man with the multitudinous badges; he had badges all over his coat, front and back, as close as they could be pinned. St. Paul marched in the same division. Oakland No. 171 had a spectacular presentation in its trumpeters. Dressed in costumes of red, green, and gold, the esquires sounded their horns in front of the reviewing party, while the prize Oakland drill team, in their natty white uniforms, marched past with their hats held at salute. The members of the delegation followed with their hats on their chests and bearing over their left shoulders garlands of oak, typical of the name of their city. Following were two dignified weary and thirsty Kentucky “colonels.” It was noticeable that when the parade disbanded at First Street these “Kaintuckians” did not countermarch. Scranton Elks wore gray suits, crush hats, and carried purple umbrellas. Spokane had a spectacle much similar to that of Boston. In honor of George Washington they were in colonial costume, were preceded by a fife and drum corps, of which the fifer was wounded and bandaged, and dragged minute guns that were fired along the line of march. Steubenville No. 31 had a one-man parade. He wore a fringed leather coat and looked like a cross between a sofa pillow and a souvenir post card. He sang, “I Don’t Care,” and acted the part. There were hundreds of Elks’ teeth attached to his elkskin jacket. “Just Bill Elk from Pendleton, Oregon,” was G. J. Ferguson, who was disguised as a Umatilla chief, in war bonnet and paint. Dr. P. T. Rucker, Aspinwall, Colo., wore one



hundred and thirty-seven ribbon streamers from his coat to his shoe tops, and acted like a hula hula dancer from Hawaii. Twenty-seven men from Bakersfield wore brown suits, white straw hats, and carried a white lamb or kid as a mascot. Baker City, Ore., lost no opportunity to tell of its natural and commercial advantages. They were placarded all over the big brass drum of their band. The Portland Lodge was dressed in white suits with purple lapels, cuffs, and pockets, had white and purple hats and twirled white and purple umbrellas. Fresno Lodge had dark coats, white soft hats, white trousers, and were preceded by a mastiff to which elk horns had been attached. The dog did not seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion. He acted like there was a flea just at the base of his proud antlers. Tucson members rode in one carriage. Wallace, Idaho, followed. New Berne had an auto. Maple City No. 772 also had a machine. Santa Barbara, with a monster representation garbed as monks, and carrying great palm-leaf fans, won the crowd at once. A floral mission tower with chimes drawn by four white horses, with a beautiful young woman as bell-ringer, with four candles burning at the corners, and the whole banked in ferns and lilies aroused great enthusiasm. The twenty Honolulu boys, in their white suits, and with their bronzed faces, were cheered heartily, as later were the Manila men in their great broad-brimmed fancy fibre hats. Recognition was extended them for crossing the water to join in the festivities. Butte, Mont., headed the ninth division, with the famous Boston Montana band, the Manila men following. Santa Anna came along like a car full of fruit. The delegation was rotundly masqueraded as oranges,

loose green pantaloons giving the effect of stems and their yellow top pieces closing the "fruit" when they pulled down their heads. The ensemble was startling when the marchers sat down with their legs extended and the orange sealed. Hey, you, was the greeting to one orange with a greenish tinge; get back where you belong; you are picked too soon. A manster orange float was part of the Santa Anna display. Held on four sets of antlers, with green leaves, and wax orange blossoms for a base, the huge orange had been cut into windows from which peeped the faces of young women. Pasadena Lodge No. 672 announced through its band that "It Looks Like a Large Night To-night." The costumes were dark coat, straw hat and white trousers. Then came Brighton, N. J. A one-man parade and drill corps. Nothing was needed but a band. Flanked on either side by standard bearers, and proudly shaking hands with himself, as he bowed from right to left, Frank F. Wallace drew up in solid formation in front of the reviewing stand, carefully deposited his hat on the street car tracks and ordered himself to come to "Attenshun." He was general, colonel, major, captain, lieutenant, sergeant, and private of the most exclusive drill team ever staged here or abroad. His orders were clear and precise, and the execution was letter perfect. He kept absolute time and to every maneuver he "moved as one man." As a "squad" he carried the honor of the day. "The Orange Belt" advertised in a body. There was a huge triangular streamer and then the delegations and bands from Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino and Pomona. The men carried orange-colored umbrellas, with hat bands and neckties of the same color. The members

of these lodges stretched for blocks down the street. At this point there was shown one touch of pathos—the stalwart figure of the oldest living Elk—Charles Clusker, of San Bernardino Lodge, who is ninety-nine years and four months old. He rode in a carriage, but wanted to walk. He was hailed everywhere with honors, and smilingly waved back his greetings. When Long Beach Lodge No. 888 went down Broadway it encountered an empty beer bottle, around which hundreds of marchers had passed. Long Beach is always hopeful, so the marchers assembled around the bottle, and tried to fan it into life; but there was nothing doing. They wore purple sashes, yachting caps, and carried fans. Fitchburg, Mass., had one delegate. He was a real rube, and rather than take chances, he carried his carpet-bag with him. Iowa made itself proud with its Fifty-fourth Regiment band. The delegates carried corn cobs at their belts, and at the reviewing stand tossed them into the box occupied by Mr. Sammis. Santa Monica Lodge wore white flannel suits, crush hats, and carried canes and flags. Pawtucket, R. I., had two standard bearers, and on a monster clam had printed this testimonial: "I love my home, but OH you Los Angeles." Arizona composed the twelfth division in greater part. The Indian band furnished the music. They wore dove-colored suits and hats. Some of them were not in costume. They came at the rear and were placarded as "Arizona's Undressed Kids." Sunbury, Pa., delegates rode in an automobile. San Pedro delegates were neat in sailors' costumes and caps, with naval pennants on canes. Berkeley's representatives had caps and gowns as characteristic suits. They gave college yells that

sounded like three cheers in a tiddly-wink's game, and three lusty shouts for Justice Harry Melvin. Alameda Lodge was preceded by a one-piece band. This orchestra played on a dilapidated tin dish pan with an empty beer bottle. The delegates carried white umbrellas. Goldfield men were in miners' costumes. Southern Nevada sent a float representing a stamping mill. Walsenburg, Colo., Bills wore a real elk garbhead and horns. San Rafael members were in tallyhos. Then came the awarding of prizes, Montana Band at head of winners.

For the best appearing Lodge Denver first prize, Cincinnati second, and Portland third. For the most novel uniforms, Cincinnati first, Detroit second, Boston third.

To Montana was given the prize for the most magnificent banner. The parade was two and a half hours in passing, and seven and one-half miles long. The number of men actually in line was given as twenty thousand, and about two hundred thousand spectators. The principal business houses were closed for three hours, and I am sure everyone enjoyed the great parade. There was a great rush for restaurants when it was all over; but being in such previous rushes, we sauntered leisurely back to our hotel, rested awhile, then had plenty of room to dine. In the evening was the great Electrical parade, which, though shorter, was more spectacular than the morning parade, and drew much larger crowds, as most of the business places were closed. There were fifteen magnificent floats, borne on hidden electric flat cars accompanied by bands. The floats with the attendants were formed in line promptly at 8 o'clock. As the trolleys were raised, just at dark, the scene was one magnificent line of light. The escorts, mounted, ranged alongside,

and the first float moved forward to Main Street, turned and met the police platoon and the Vaquero Club Riders. Chief Dishman, with Captain Bradish on the left and Captain Dixon on the right, led the police department. All were mounted, and their fine appearance drew considerable applause from the watching thousands. Following the police came Headquarters Band, No. 1, composed of forty-five pieces. Fifty riders from the Vaquero Club followed. The men were costumed in gay uniforms and rode five abreast on magnificent steeds. Sheriff Hammel was the most pronounced figure in the gala crowd. They preceded the first float in the parade, the Elk. A large elk of white semi-transparent material occupied the entire float. The spreading antlers were outlined with hundreds of small incandescent lights. Two gleaming lights flashed in the eyes. The barge was handsomely decorated in green, while around the side were electric roses of many colors. This to the spectators was the masterpiece. Next came the Letter Carriers' Band, followed by the Elk emblem barge. Arising from a mass of filmy decoration was a huge clock with hands upon the hour of eleven. From each side just below the clock was an elk's head. The outlines were traced with the small lights. Surrounding all were hundreds of amber-colored lights clustered into flowers. At the forward end of the float were the words, "The faults of our brothers we trace in the sands," while on the rear one read, "Their virtues are traced in the tablets of love and memory." The emblem was followed by the Hayseed Band. Next came a huge float with a large green crocodile, extending the entire length of the barge. Its large mouth was open wide, disclosing

a myriad of lights. High upon its back sat the band in various garb with instruments of more various harmony. The float was decorated with red and white lights. The trick horse occupied the next position in line, and actually performed, jumping continually through a large hoop suspended over the barge. The horse was made of white material outlined with lights. The float was decorated with yellow roses, cleverly fashioned from the lights. Headquarters Band, No. 2, followed, after which came the clown elephant. Its huge trunk outlined with double rows of small incandescents, swung to and fro. Upon the head was a clown cap. The eyes gleamed through two blue globes. The barge was gayly decorated with red roses which clustered over the sides. Next came Beauty and the Octopus. This was a beautifully lighted float, with flowing streamers and canopies of white, under which were seated the attendants, all in costume. One of them was the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Beauty, but no two persons were found who were able to make a decision as to which one was meant, so nearly did they all fit the title of the barge. The dread Octopus was a many-armed monster outlined with white light, which shone upon the green sides with startling effect. From each side gleamed an eye of clustered lights. The long arms of the octopus were entwined around the side of the float, while the pretty girl attendants sat there unconcerned. Preceded by the Colton Band, the barge of the Wonderful Giraffes followed. It was the largest float in the procession, and was cleverly manipulated by the pretty young women attendants. The two giraffes were placed in the rear of the float, and their long necks studded by colored lights



extended twenty feet to the front of the float. The huge illuminated papier mache animals were ridden by four young women, who held guiding reins which were studded with lights, and extended to the lighted bits in the mouths of the giraffes. The young women who rode the animals were able, by means of an extended cord, to open the mouths of the giraffes, permitting the spectators to gaze into the long neck, which was lighted with purple shaded lights. On the base of the float was a prettily arranged garden where four young women were seated. Next came Mary with her little lamb, which was much larger than she. A pasture of green studded by purple lights. The lamb was white, its eyes were studs of purple, and its tail, which wagged almost continuously, was decorated with purple shaded lights. A number of young women were seated on the float, four of whom sat in flower pedestals, and only their pretty faces could be seen. All of the floats had quite a number of pretty girls on them. The Wild Man from Borneo was a surprise to everybody, all expecting to see a fierce wild character. Instead the "Wild Man" was so peaceable that the young women who rode on the barge with him called him a dead one. His mouth, which was well filled with jagged teeth, opened spasmodically. Jenner's Band followed with the Gay Performing Bear behind. Holding a telephone receiver in his paw, he looked quite amusing, as he smiled and winked at the Queen of Poland. The bear and the snowfield float on which he stood were decorated with flake-like paper, and his purple ears wagged continually. A young woman seated on a throne of snow in the front of the barge held a telephone receiver with which she communicated with

the bear. At her feet in a snow bank decorated with white lights sat eight young women, who threw purple flowers as they passed along. The Queen of Hearts was seated on a throne made of interwoven hearts, illuminated by purple lights. The throne was shaded by a bower made of hearts, and in the centre of each card a purple light was placed. At her feet were her attendants, seated in a miniature garden, some of their faces peeping out of huge sunflowers.

Following the Queen of Hearts came the terrible Sea Serpent. The head of the serpent was studded with red and the teeth were represented by yellow lights. The monster's head was raised high above the base of the barge, and as it wove its way through the streets, children cried out in horror and women shuddered nervously. The float was decorated in blue, with a touch here and there of white to represent the crest of the ocean wave. A Dime Museum with clowns and wild men and snake charmers was exhibited in one of the largest barges which had been arranged for the electrical display. Every detail of a museum was represented. The last display represented the actual eccentricities of "Maud." Maud, the mule, harnessed but not hitched, was placed in the centre of the float. Si, the owner, stood near and soothingly rubbed Maud with a curry-comb. It was then that Maud displayed her eccentricities, and Si was kicked back to the tree in the background. So repeatedly was Si kicked back against the tree that finally Samantha, the wife of Si, offered to attempt to soothe Maud. So ended our fifth and last day at Los Angeles. During the past thirty years Los Angeles has grown from a population of 11,000 in 1880 to



102,480 by the census of 1900. The present population 310,000. The original name of the town of Los Angeles, of giving religious names to places as was the custom of the Latin Races, was Nuestra Senora de Los Angels, meaning "Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels." This has been shortened by the practical Yankees to Los Angeles. Los Angeles was founded on September 4, 1781, by a small band of colonists, who had been recruited in the Mexican States of Sinaloa and Sonora, and brought here under command of a government officer, to found an agricultural colony, for the purpose of raising produce for the soldiers at the presidios. The first census of the little city, taken in August, 1790, gave the total population at 141. They were a mixed class, composed of one European, seventy-two Spanish-Americans, seven Indians, twenty-two mulattoes, and thirty-nine Mestizos. As recently as 1831, fifty years after the founding of the town, the population was only 770. On November 9, 1885, the last spike was driven in the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, at the Cajon Pass, thus completing a new overland route from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From that time the growth of the city was very rapid. Considering that twenty years ago it had not a single paved street, Los Angeles has made remarkable progress. There are now over 450 miles of graded and graveled streets, 63 miles of paved streets, and 320 miles of sewer. At night Los Angeles presents a brilliant appearance. It was the first city in the United States to entirely abandon gas for street lighting, and replace it by electricity. Many of the lamps are on high masts. That Los Angeles is, and will always remain, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, admits of no

doubt. Every variety of location for a residence may be found within the city limits. The city lies about midway between the Sierra Madre range of mountains and the ocean, and about 300 feet above the sea level. Los Angeles River, which is almost devoid of water during the summer, but is sometimes transformed into a torrent for a few days in winter, runs through the city from north to south. There are a dozen public parks within the city limits, aggregating over six hundred acres. Elysian Park, five hundred acres in area, presents an extremely magnificent view. Much of the land is within the frostless belt, from which can be seen mountain, valley, ocean and city. The mildness of the climate permits the most delicate plants and trees to flourish in the open air all through the winter. At Christmas may be seen hedges of calla lilies, geranium bushes ten feet and more in height, and heliotrope covering the side of a house, while the jasmine, tuberose and orange make the air heavy with their delicate perfume. Giant bananas wave their graceful leaves in the gentle breeze. The fan and date palm grow to mammoth proportions, and there are hundreds of varieties of roses. A majority of the residences stand in spacious grounds, a lot of fifty by one hundred fifty feet being the smallest occupied by a house of any pretension. Many have from one to five acres of ground, all in high state of cultivation, with well-kept, verdant lawns, and with fig, orange and palm trees for shade. The favorite varieties of shade trees along the streets are the pepper, eucalyptus and grevillea. The principal building material used in California are pine and red wood, and a great many houses are built in the early Mission style. The Bungalow is another favorite

style. One of the most attractive features about a home in this section is the wonderful rapidity with which vegetation grows. The population of Los Angeles is cosmopolitan. A few years ago of the 53,000 voters only ten per cent. were natives of California. The most notable thing that has ever happened to the city of Los Angeles is the acquirement by the city of water rights, extending many miles along the banks of the Owens River in Inyo County. This water will be brought to the city, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, by means of an aqueduct, and more than twenty miles of tunnels. This will give Los Angeles a supply of pure water from the snow-clad sides of the highest mountain in the United States, "Mount Whitney, being 14,499 feet high," sufficient to supply two million people, so that not only can the city be amply supplied for many years, but there will be enough surplus to irrigate about all the available land in the county. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. The bonds were carried by a vote of ten to one.

Mount Whitney is the highest elevation in the United States, and Death Valley the lowest, it being about four hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea. They are both in California, within one hundred miles of each other. The leading seaside resorts of Los Angeles County are Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo Beach, Long Beach, Terminal Island, and Catalina Island. All very pretty resorts. Los Angeles as an important manufacturing centre has a very bright future, also its fruit growing is enormous, and alfalfa, which is largely grown for hay, is cut from three to six times a year, and cows thrive on it. In Los Angeles County

corn sometimes grows to a height of twenty feet. Pumpkins have been raised weighing over four hundred pounds. In fact it is quite a fruit centre.

Friday, July 16, was to be the great floral parade, supposed to eclipse anything of its kind, being a carnival of all nations, and in the evening was to be given the grand ball at Shrine Auditorium, led by J. U. Sammis, Grand Exalted Ruler Elect, and the wife of the Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles. It was scheduled to be the biggest social event of the Elks' convention; but our party had to leave Thursday night. So we bid farewell to Los Angeles and all the pretty sights, and went back to our little flats on the train, and my, how stuffy it seemed after the nice room at the hotel; but we soon forgot that fact, and retired. In the morning we found ourselves at Santa Barbara, California, and had more pleasure in store.

## SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

On our arrival at Santa Barbara, we were taken through the city in carriages to see the principal points of interest. First up to the old Mission, which we went through. The church is of dressed stone, with massive walls heavily buttressed. The two-story towers yet shelter the chime of bells, and the famous garden with its fountain, so often pictured, still scents the air. This Mission is well preserved and is one of the most imposing of them all. It was founded December 4, 1786, by Father Lasuen; but the site had been surveyed in 1769 by Father Crespa. From the sea the Mission is a beautiful landmark. We first entered in the chapel of the Mission where the guide gave a description of the interior, and was obliged to request some of the men to remove their hats, as they really must have forgotten where they were.

Then we were taken through a side door into a very small room, with a large font in it, and from which a great many Indians had been baptized. We were supposed to place an offering in a small box. We went from there out in the garden, and were shown some graves where Indians were buried, and beautiful flowers, then along the corridor and up the winding stairway to the tower. A pretty view from the tower—all the carriages and the large assembly of Elks with their friends in the foreground and the quaint old Mission made a pretty picture. From the Mission we visited the Elks'

Club House, where they had a fine repast for us. Hot tamales, which the natives consider a great treat, were very plentiful, and piping hot; but one bite sufficed me. They had some sort of spiced meat, very tasty, and all the sandwiches we wanted, and plenty of beer and coffee. Our ride in the bracing morning air of three hours made us quite hungry, and we ate ravenously. Then we walked back to the train, looking at the little low stores and curios as we passed along. Santa Barbara lies northwest from Los Angeles, on the coast line of the Southern Pacific. The new Hotel Potter, located on a large tract facing the ocean boulevard, is the largest in the city. An edifice six stories high, covers two acres of ground, and cost a million dollars. It is built on the old Spanish Mission style, has five hundred guest rooms, four roof gardens, polo grounds and tennis courts. Santa Barbara was founded in 1782, and of the old Presidio no trace remains save some slight mounds where the walls crumbled away years ago. Around it in the old days clustered the adobe houses of the first residents, for it was a frontier garrison of Old Spain. Just off the main street, and facing the City Hall Plaza, is the former residence of Governor De la Guerre, still occupied by his family. The Bay of Santa Barbara is as renowned for its beauty as is that of famed Naples, which it so much resembles. We all visited a garden at the Mission, but whether it was the sacred garden which no women are allowed to enter, and has since been opened to the public, I do not know; but I was told only two women have ever been permitted in the sacred and historic garden, one being the wife of a former President of the United States, Mrs. B. Harrison, and the



other a European princess. For one hundred and twenty-four years the Angelus has rung out every day from its mellow-toned old bells.

Our train left Santa Barbara at noon. As we moved out from the station, a band was playing, and some of the younger people dancing. For a little while there was a heavy fog, and it was quite damp; but it soon cleared, and we had a fine view of the ocean from Santa Barbara to Paso Robles. Before reaching Paso Robles, our band came through the train, all the way to the baggage car and back, composed of a tin pan, frying pan, and various other articles that would make loud noises by pounding. No matter what noises were made by any of the party, we all joined in and made things lively. That afternoon we were all given another half-pound box of assorted chocolates by the committee, and while eating them we passed the Santa Lucia mountains, from a plain of which the play of "A Girl from the Golden West" was taken, and not far away could be seen beautiful rows of pine trees and Sugar Loaf mountain. We crossed a very high trestle winding up in the mountains, with three engines pulling us, and puffing vigorously. During this climb we went through seven tunnels, one being one and a quarter miles long. It is impossible to describe the feeling of awe and wonder, as you look below and see the various lines of tracks you have climbed. It must be seen to be appreciated. As we went through the various tunnels it was pitch dark, and at the first one a few set up a howl, which was taken up by all hands when we came to the second, and all sorts of peculiar noises could be heard; but what is the use of living if one can't have a little fun.



## PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA

Paso Robles, meaning "Pass of the Oaks," is a trim little country town with about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and lies in a narrow part of the Salinas Valley, where the rolling uplands crowd close down to the river. The elevation is seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea, which is twenty miles away. The Santa Lucia range shuts out ocean fogs on the west. At Paso Robles is situated the San Miguel Mission, founded in 1797 by Father Lausen, one of the Franciscan friars. At one time there was an aqueduct eight miles long and a fifteen-foot adobe wall two miles long surrounding the buildings and plaza. It speaks volumes for the fertility of this country, when it is learned that within twenty years these peaceful friars, coming unheralded among the Indians, had livestock under the care of the Mission, valued at over three million dollars.

On our arrival at Paso Robles, we went immediately to the Hotel Paso Robles, where we had dinner. It being dark, we spent most of our time around the hotel grounds. The hotel is of red brick, three stories high, and with a frontage of about three hundred feet. The verandas are broad, the rooms large, the dining-room cheerful, and the great wood fireplaces are a feature. A cozy club house stands among the Oaks, with wide ve-

randas. The new bath house is connected with the hotel by an inclosed arcade. Some of the features of the new Paso Robles Hot Springs bath are these. Dressing-rooms of white cedar, finely polished. Bathrooms of station marble. Treatment-room of white cedar for each six bathrooms, wainscoted with Italian marble. Tubs of pure porcelain. Cooling-rooms with white metal tiling. A great plunge bath forty by eighty feet graduated depth, supplied directly from the flowing well. No stains will adhere to the glass or tiled walls, no steamy odors will be absorbed. Glass, porcelain, marble and metal are largely used, and care taken that no wooden floors, tubs, treatment-tables or such be admitted that could absorb moisture or odor, or harbor a germ. An electric blower provides complete ventilation. The celebrated moor or mud deposits, through which there is a constant flow of hot sulphur water, offer exceptional opportunities for the administration of the mud baths, that are so beneficial.

Some of us went back to the train about 11 P. M. and retired, but we did not leave Paso Robles until 2 A. M. Next morning someone told us we had crawled through quite a sand slide, and that a gentleman sitting in the baggage car touched the sand as we passed through.

## DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

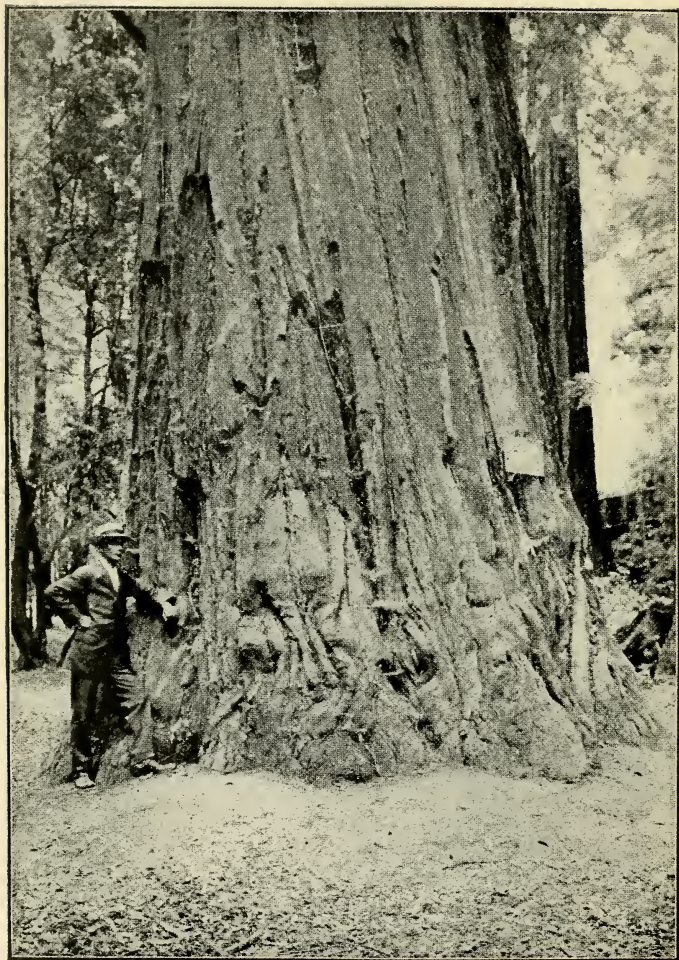
We arrived at Del Monte Hotel, July 17, for breakfast. A magnificent place and elegant service. The grounds of this fine hotel are open to the public, and are easily reached by trolley car. It is a dream of beauty. Its setting is one of the finest hotels in the world. It has parks of native oaks and giant pines, with beautiful lawns, and fine flowers. Cactus from Arizona fill a whole section of the grounds. Travellers from every part of the globe visit this fine hotel time and again, entranced with the beauty, dignity, and refinement of the place. It contains over five hundred rooms, and is operated on the American plan only. There are one hundred and twenty-six acres of ground, containing one thousand three hundred and sixty-five different varieties of plant life. The dining-room is beautiful, trimmed in green and white wainscoting, large windows with fine lace curtains, four immense mirrors, one on either side and one front and back. The tables run six rows across and fifteen in length. As we entered the dining-room, the waitresses were stationed all around the room, and not one of them moved, until all the guests were seated; then, without a word or sound, all came forward to their various tables and we were served quickly and graciously. The system was certainly fine. After breakfast we were given

the famous seventeen-miles drive, some in automobiles, others in coaches. This roadway begins at Pacific Grove. Its chief charm is its infinite variety. For three miles it winds through a virgin forest of pines and oaks, gracefully hung with a delicate lace moss, while underneath is a great tangle of vines and ferns. The road suddenly opens on the shore of the Pacific, which extends five miles past granite cliffs, and wildly breaking surf, past rocks and islets covered with legions of sea birds, and one of the largest seal rookeries on the coast. This rookery is situated a few hundred feet from the shore, and is at all seasons occupied by herds of seals and huge sea lions. At Cypress Point the road crossed the habitat of the Monterey Cypress, a forest of hoary and grotesque giants. Turning it passes Pebble Beach, covered with rarest pebbles, and through a picturesque Chinese fishing village; threads its way up a fine mountain canon and over the tree-clad summit of the peninsula, bringing Monterey and Del Monte into full view. There are some fine large trees, one of which is called Merry Widow, another Bee Hive, and two trees with their branches grow in such a shape as to represent an ostrich, which can be seen long before you reach it, also quite a number of sycamore trees, which we were told grew nowhere else except the Holy Land; but I have since been told they grow in Japan. Del Monte is situated on the shore of Monterey Bay, near the quaint and historic town of Monterey. At Monterey is the old Mission San Carlos Borromeo, established June 3, 1770, and Mission Del Rio Carmelo, July 10, 1771, both founded by Father Junipero Serra. The town presents a mixture of old Spanish and modern buildings. It was the

first capital of California, where the State constitution was confirmed. We saw the old Spanish custom-house, where the American flag was first raised by Commodore Sloat in 1846, on taking possession of California for the United States. The cross which marks the landing of the Franciscan Fathers in 1773, the first theatre in California, where Jennie Lind once sang, the house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and many ancient tiled-roofed adobe dwellings once tenanted by famous old Mexican and Spanish families, are still to be seen as they existed a century ago. A visit to the Presidio of Monterey is well worth while. This is now one of the most important military posts in the United States, growing from an obscure reservation to a ten company post in consequence of the war with Spain and the acquisition of the Philippines. This Presidio was once controlled by the Spaniards, and later, in 1882, by the Mexican government. There are also marine gardens at Pacific Grove, seen through glass bottom boats, where can be seen strange rock formations, like castles, houses and towns lying amid forests of seaweed. After our beautiful ride we went back to the hotel, visited the curio room, and bought some pretty pins, and of course post cards, then sat on the hotel veranda in the sun, facing the beautiful garden, until it was time to go back to the train. At the station were men selling all kinds of fur, which quite a number of the tourists bought. There were two other specials besides our party waiting for their trains, so there was quite some sport among us all. Our train left about 1 P. M., and after that fine ride everybody was hungry.







BIG TREE, SANTA CRUZ



## SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

On our arrival at Santa Cruz we found we had to wait two hours for a train to convey us to the big tree grove. Meanwhile we went down to the beach, where they had a fine casino, pleasure pier, and a nice beach for bathing. We strolled around awhile, then went back to the station, saw an empty train standing there, and of course we all piled in, and when comfortably seated, someone called, "All out," no train for the big trees until 7 o'clock. Some got out and went back to the beach, others went in search of Mr. Vincent to find out the cause of the delay. They scolded and blamed him, and almost came to blows, when finally a lady asked him what caused the delay, and he said there were not trains enough to accommodate the people. We stayed in the train simply because we had comfortable seats, and could see all that was going on outside. We sat there over two hours, and it was quite amusing to watch the meetings of passengers as the different trains rolled in from different places, and the peculiar looking conveyances they drove away in. Someone came in our train and shouted, "Tickets for a dance," then the train started with about a dozen of us in it. They only went a short distance in the yards, switched on another track, then back to the station, where we had to get out and

wait about half an hour for our train. It was just about 7 P. M. when we boarded our train, and by the time we reached the Grove it was too dark to see anything, but some of us jumped out and saw what we could by lantern light, and our Bayonne party of ten all stood in the hollow of one tree. The New York section, which had been with us since we arrived at Los Angeles, managed to reach the Grove in the afternoon, where they had music, dancing, sandwiches, soft drinks, and saw the big trees. We were quite disappointed, but had to make the best of it. The city of Santa Cruz is situated on the bay of Monterey, eighty miles north of San Francisco. The population in 1840 was about two hundred and fifty. The flag of the United States was raised over Santa Cruz in July, 1846. The city was chartered in 1876. It has now a population of fifteen thousand. The Santa Cruz mountain range is about fifteen miles from the shore line, whose average altitude is from two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet, the highest peak, "Loma Prieta" (Black Mountain), rising to an elevation of 4287 feet. These mountains are fenders against the north winds, and condense the moisture as it is carried by clouds inland from the ocean. The rain clouds encounter these hills, and Santa Cruz County secures an annual rainfall of from twenty to thirty inches, which is nearly double that received by its neighbors over the range. Not a thousand dollars' worth of damages has been done by wind in this county in fifty years. The main thoroughfares of Santa Cruz are macadamized, and there are seventeen miles of concrete sidewalks. The beach and the cliff are interesting in all sorts of weather. There are few days

in the winter not enjoyable for outdoor exercises and sports. Among the greatest natural wonders of Santa Cruz are the big redwoods. Two groves of these trees have been permanently preserved. An area of nearly four thousand acres, known as Sempervirens Park, was purchased about six years ago by the State, and this reservation forms one of the finest forests in the world; besides containing hundreds of big trees, there are to be found in it all the native woods and shrubs, peculiar to the Pacific Coast. The State paid a quarter of a million dollars to secure this possession, and thousands are being expended annually for its care and preservation: fifty of the trees in this grove range from thirty to sixty feet in circumference, and from two to three hundred feet in height. The grove is only five miles from the city. This grove has been visited by prominent people from all over the world, and no one who has the chance should miss seeing the big trees. Santa Cruz County is next to the smallest in area in California, containing a little over 300,000 acres and about 35,000 inhabitants; but it presents a combination of scenic beauty and fertile soil which is now receiving the attention of home-seekers of the better class. They have sixteen postoffices, and county residents are served by rural free delivery routes, covering one hundred and twenty square miles. Santa Cruz has electric and water power, as well as oil, gas, and wood for steam power, in abundance. For many years the California power works, just outside the city limits, has employed two hundred men. Oil for fuel is cheaper on Monterey Bay than at any other point on the Pacific coast. Petroleum was first produced in paying quantities in this vicinity in 1904; the present

yield of the local wells is about one thousand two hundred barrels daily. Lime rock of a quality equal to the famous quarries in Maine is abundant in Santa Cruz. After our brief stop at the big tree grove we had a two hours' ride before reaching San Jose and dinner. A great many being disappointed, disgusted and tired went to sleep; but you know there is always some good natured individual to make things lively, and the time passed quickly.

## SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

We arrived at San Jose about 9:30 P. M. and went immediately to the St. James Hotel for dinner, for which we were scheduled at 6 P. M. The St. James Hotel is one of the notable structures of the city, being somewhat in advance of the hotels that are usually found in cities of the size of San Jose. It is fireproof, contains 250 rooms, and has all the modern improvements. San Jose is a city of 57,000 people. Built upon an almost level, elevated floor, eighty-seven feet above the sea. The twenty square miles of city are beautiful, with broad avenues and shady walks. The city is half enveloped and wholly adorned with a great wealth of trees, shrubs and flowers, which are too numerous to mention, as San Jose is called the rose garden of the earth. In the centre of this city of parks, lawns and gardens, is the business area, the handsomest and most impressive series of business blocks in all the smaller cities of the west. Blocks of stone and bricks, two to seven stories high, line well paved streets. In the centre of the city is the largest electric tower in America. The pride of San Jose is the Alum Rock Canyon Park, unequalled in the State. This is a canyon playground of one thousand acres, in the Coast mountains, seven miles east of the town, reached by an electric railway. Here

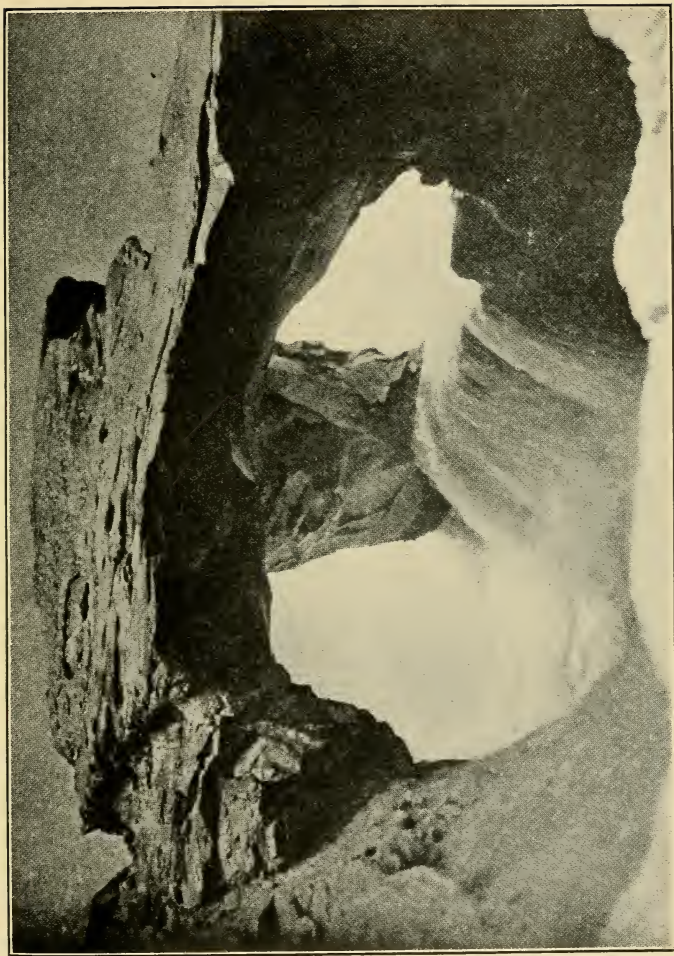
are sixteen mineral springs. The different waters are on exhibition in the Santa Clara County exhibit. So far as one may see from mountain trail or country road, high above all else rise the spires and domes of its churches. There is also a Mission at Santa Clara founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1777, a place of much interest. After finishing dinner at the St. James we were taken to the Elks' Club House, where we were entertained royally, and a layout fit for a king, besides all the fruits the city boasts of, among which were fresh figs; but which I could not say I relished, although I suppose you have to cultivate a taste for such fruits. The claret punch was delicious. Besides all the eatables and drinking fluids, we had a theatrical entertainment. The proprietor of the theatre being an Elk, and it being after theatre hours the talent all came in the club house. They played and sang funny songs, did funny stunts, and a fine opera singer favored us three or four times. We staid till after twelve o'clock and when we left were loaded with packages of fruit, and post cards, those who left after we did were loaded with lightning; but they had a good time and came out all right. While our train was at the depot a young woman in a stateroom was gagged and robbed of her money. Two ladies on the train reimbursed her, and with the exception of the fright, she managed to get along nicely. When we reached the train it did not take us long to retire, as we had quite a series of changes for one day, and hustling from one place to another tires one; but at the time you do not notice the fatigue, enjoying every minute of the changing scene. We were side tracked and did not leave San Jose until 5 A. M., Sunday morning. Our next

stop was Oakland, arriving there at 8:15. Oakland is the terminal of the Southern Pacific, Central Pacific, Santa Fe, and Western Pacific railroads. Passengers and freight are transferred from Oakland to San Francisco and other points by ferry. Oakland borders on the bay of San Francisco for a distance of fifteen miles and, in addition thereto, Oakland harbor furnishes a safe and sufficient anchorage in any storm to accommodate at one time all the shipping of the Pacific coast.



## SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

We crossed the ferry and boarded the sight-seeing cars, which took us all through the city. We went through the part where the terrible fire was, which in some places was still quite desolate, while in others immense new buildings had been erected. Just after we started the power gave out, causing quite a delay, at which there was considerable fault finding and grumbling. From what I saw of the city I would not care to live there. We finally reached a place called Land's End, high up on the rocks, by the sea, from which there was a fine view. Up on a hill was a large cross erected by the Episcopalians. We stopped at the Cliff House and walked all around the stone bluff, which is railed in very high. The sea washes up against the rocks, and you can look way out to sea. At low tide the beach affords a fine drive-way. Main Street is one of the famous thoroughfares of the world. It runs diagonally across the city in a southwesterly direction, from the ferry building to twin peaks, a distance of four miles. On the south side the cross streets meet Market Street at right angles; but on the north side the streets converge, forming a gore at every block, giving an opportunity for a series of fine buildings, adding greatly to the beauty and nobility of the streets. Golden Gate Park is the pride



FREAK OF NATURE



of San Francisco. It contains 1140 acres, and tropical plants bloom in the open air the year around. San Francisco was once a sleepy pueblo gathered around the Mission Dolores which Padre Paloa founded in 1776, the oldest edifice in the city, and in an excellent state of preservation. In 1850 it had a population of 40,000. To-day its population exceeds 500,000, while adding the residents of suburbs within a radius of 12 miles brings the population of Greater San Francisco up to one million. The city covers about 30,000 acres, it has 800 miles of streets and 250 miles of street railway. It has fifty banks, many public parks, fine museums, eighty-five public schools, most modern public buildings in the United States. The hotels of San Francisco will accommodate 40,000 guests, and are noted for their excellent service. The bay is noted for its beauty, and covers four hundred square miles, almost land-locked, and has comfortable deep water anchorage for all the navies of the world. The first ship that sailed into San Francisco Bay was the little Spanish ship *San Carlos* which arrived in 1775 under the commandante Ayala, from Mexico. Arriving at the Fairmount hotel about noon we proceeded to what they call the Crypt Grill, where our luncheon was served. A very clean and comfortable place designed especially for business men and tourists. The main dining-room on the ground floor overlooks the bay and terrace. Two hundred people can be served at one time. The walls are decorated in white and gold, with hangings of red silk. The breakfast room is done in pearl gray. They have an elegant ball room, two hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred feet wide, decorated in white

and gold, with hangings of blue silk; the wall on the left is covered with French plate mirrors. The floor is known as a spring floor, making dancing a pleasure never to be forgotten. To the right on the second floor there is a balcony where boxes are located, and tea and card rooms for the use of the guests. A banquet hall adjacent to the ball room is hung with rich red satin damask, and French plate glass, the ceiling is decorated in white and gold. This room will accommodate two hundred guests. At the time of the great fire the Fairmount hotel was just ready to open its doors to the public. It passed through the conflagration structurally uninjured, although all the furnishings were destroyed. Work was immediately resumed and the entire building refurnished at a cost of over three million. It opened its doors just one year after the fire, April 18, 1907. It occupies an entire city block, has accommodation for one thousand guests. Every room is an outside room with bath attached. We sat in the foyer quite a while, which was covered with heavy red rugs, then walked down the hill to inspect Chinatown, and although it was Sunday quite a number of the fine shops were open, showing beautiful wares, and fine linens. The proprietors were fine looking aristocratic men. Further along we came to the poorer, dirty class, and their stores looked filthy, especially the meat shops, which were crowded with men buying. We saw a few Chinese women, dressed very neat and clean, with an abundance of black shiny hair. We walked till we were tired, then went down to the ferry, crossed over, and found we had taken the wrong boat. There were four in our party; but we had plenty of time, and by taking

trolley cars at two or three places, we were at the Oakland pier before the rest of the party. We rode through pretty little towns, in funny little cars, and enjoyed the trip immensely. We left Oakland at 7 P. M. with great shouting from those at the station. About 9 P. M. we crossed San Pablo Bay on the largest ferry boat in the world, Solano, capable of holding four trains of six cars each, with engines; bay one mile across. Most of our party got off the train and were down on the boat while crossing. It was quite a novel and interesting experience. The next morning we had quite some fun over a German woman in our car. She was always losing something. This time it was a green rose hat pin which she said cost \$3.50. She made a great fuss, and had the porter undo the bunk, take it all apart and even look through the soiled bedding. She kept grumbling and telling George to keep cool and not get excited, and the poor fellow had not opened his mouth; but if looks could kill! oh, my. It was finally found sticking in the cushion of the seat behind her, and something similar happened constantly. We all had to vacate when she entered the dressing room, or else help dress her.



## SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Monday morning, July 19, was a grand morning, and the scenery winding up in the mountains impossible to describe. Everybody was late getting up, and as we were not due at Shasta Springs until 11 A. M., no one seemed to hurry. We rode along the Sacramento river a long time, until rounding a curve we were at Shasta Springs. An ideal spot. As you step off the train you see spouts of water shooting in the air like fountains, and the incline railway to take those up who do not care for the fatigue of walking. I walked up and enjoyed every step of the ascent. At short distances, and especially at turns in the pathway, were stumps of trees and rustic seats to rest a while on. The hotel and cottages are located on top of the hill on fine level ground, at the base of Mt. Shasta, also a fine pavilion open all around with easy chairs, rustic seats, and tables, a fine spot to sit and chat and drink in the wonderful view. No matter which way you turn or in what direction you look, can be seen water either rushing or spouting from somewhere. Springs, fountains and falls. A great many of the party assembled as near as allowable to the various waters, in groups, and someone else snapped their photo, some of the groups looking very picturesque. Our luncheon was served out doors, under



the trees, like a picnic, and I thought it a fine idea, with the bright blue sky overhead, and the snow-topped Mt. Shasta in the distance. Some made a great fuss because we were not served in the hotel; but most of the party enjoyed the change, and a great many of the ladies staying at the cottage turned to and helped serve, which was very gracious on their part. They say the electric illumination in the evening at Shasta Springs is a dazzling, brilliant sight. There are many fine drives around Shasta Springs, the one to the Mt. Cloud river being a most beautiful fifty-mile private auto boulevard. The road has just been completed, and is in perfect condition. The newly completed concrete swimming pool, open to the sky and surrounded by pine trees, is 150 feet long, 30 feet wide and from four to eight feet deep. There is fine fishing in the Sacramento River. We left Shasta Springs at 1 P. M. winding through the Sierra Nevada mountains for two hours, with Mt. Shasta visible first at one side of the train, then the other; some one would call out, "Oh, there is the snow mountain again." As we passed through Oregon we saw one of the finest apple crops in the world.

## PORTLAND, OREGON

Before reaching Portland we made a short stop at a town and the ladies gave us fruit and flowers, they also had a band of music to welcome us as the train pulled in, and played when we left. The Oregon farms were well kept, and everything about them looked so orderly. We arrived at Portland July 20, 8 A. M., where we spent the entire day. Our first trip was a tour of the city in observation cars, where a great many streets had roses growing on either side of the flagging on the sidewalks, beautiful large roses. We ascend an easy winding grade, every turn of which presents to the eye a changing view of marvelous beauty, and high above the maple and elm shaded streets of the city you reach Portland Heights and Council Crest. A noble city set in the green valley below, threaded by the silver current of the Willamette.

From the Crest observatory can be seen five snow-capped mountain peaks. Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet, St. Helens, 10,500 feet, are comparatively near; but Mt. Rainier, 14,519 feet, is one hundred miles away. Midway between Mt. Helens and Hood is Adams, 12,000 feet, and Jefferson, 10,206 feet. We finally arrive at the old Lewis and Clark fair ground, where we can get out and visit the forestry building, built entirely of

immense fir logs, and is the largest of its kind. It is the one permanent structure which commemorates the 1905 fair, and which houses one of the finest forestry buildings extant. A lecturer describes all objects of interest. Portland is called the City of Roses, because of the luxuriant growth of that beautiful flower, which at certain times of the year blossoms everywhere.

The city is somewhat more than a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean, on the Willamette river, twelve miles above the junction with the Columbia river. The first primitive building in what is now called Portland was constructed in 1844; but it was not until 1848 that a name was given the city. The names Boston and Portland were in rivalry for the name of the town, and was decided by the toss up of a penny. The city is beautifully located on both sides of the Willamette river. Beautiful parks and drives abound, and its well kept paved streets are lined with fine residences. Portland has many fine churches and public buildings, splendid hotels, many of them new, strictly fireproof, elegantly furnished and capacious, with meal service of the highest order. Also a goodly number of theatres and amusement resorts are maintained. The population of Portland is estimated at 250,000. Its area is forty-four square miles. It has 177 miles of street railway, 312 miles of paved streets and 152 miles of sewers. Its building record for 1906 aggregated nearly \$7,000,000, and its clearing house association record for the same period exceeded \$280,000,000. Portland has one of the finest water works systems in the world. The water comes from Bull Run, a stream flowing from the springs and snow banks of Mt. Hood, and it is piped forty miles

to the city. There are many beautiful pleasure trips from Portland, among which is the sail up the Columbia river, a distance of 145 miles the round trip. A steamer leaves daily at 6:30, returning the same day. You pass Cape Horn, Castle Rock, and Pillars of Hercules imposing mountains of solid rock jutting into the waters of this great river. Farms, orchards and little villages, and the Locks, a sight worth the entire trip, completed by the United States Government at an enormous cost. We dined at the Portland hotel for luncheon, the leading hotel of the city. Its seven stories and basement covers the entire square block. It is the business centre of the city, convenient to all retail stores and theatres. The structure is of stone and brick. A spacious court 100 feet in width and 100 feet in depth indents the centre of this immense structure, adorned in the middle with a circular flat, planted with rare and beautiful shrubs, which delight the guests who throng the piazzas, as well as seen from the towers of observation. During the spring and summer months, they have out-door concerts which are charming. On the main floor are private dining-rooms, for luncheons, dinner parties and banquets. The entire interior has been newly decorated and furnished throughout with the very best mahogany furniture. It is conducted on the European plan only. After luncheon we walked five or six blocks, to cars waiting to take us to a resort called the Oaks. A pleasure given us at the expense of the Portland Elks. The ride was short, but pretty, and a beautiful little park, with all sorts of amusements, similar to Coney Island on a smaller scale, all free to the ladies. A very nice auditorium where Donatelli's Band played special

pieces for our benefit. A fine band too. We spent about three hours at the Oaks, then boarded the car which took us back to the city. We walked around the shopping district awhile looking at the pretty articles, then back to the hotel, where we washed up and made ourselves as presentable as possible for dinner. Later we sat on the veranda listening to the music which was beautiful, when a gentleman came toward us and said he wanted us to come and see a pretty sight. He had been down stairs and saw the banquet room empty; but decorated with palms, and flowers, and the table set for at least a dozen if not more; but when we arrived on the scene the guests were all seated; all looked bald-headed and wore linen dusters; Turks in costume were serving them with drinks; we were enjoying the fun immensely, standing just inside the doorway, when a young man came toward us horrified at seeing us there, telling us we must go right out immediately, this is strictly private, you have no business here. Of course we obeyed, but I bet those men had a high old time before they left, with their glass table. From the hotel we went to the Elks' club rooms. They had a band of music playing all evening, and very comfortable chairs in a nicely furnished room. We spent an hour or so there, then went back to our home on the rails. On the train some of our party had a great deal of fun tickling the men under their arms as they went through. One man was very ticklish, and he had such a time passing that everybody was in roars of laughter. After awhile he wanted to go through again, and appeared in the doorway with his pants rolled up to his knees, his sleeves pulled up, and a beer bottle in his hand.

He made a brave dash and went through, then deliberately turns around to come back again; but this time he whirls the bottle round and round over his head, which was filled with water, spilling the contents over everybody in the car, as he passed through. He had a clear road, no one stopped him, and in a few minutes he appeared at the door, saying he would treat any of us that cared to drink. They made a dash for him, and he disappeared for the night, but it cured the people who had done the tickling.



## SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Arriving at Seattle we were scheduled to stop at the Savoy hotel; but the city being over-crowded on account of the exposition, we were taken to the Butler Annex, and such confusion. There was no one there to locate us and everybody was angry. We waited fully an hour to be shown to our rooms and then the fun began. Instead of staying at the hotel, they had procured rooms for us in private houses all over the neighborhood. My aunt and I were sent three blocks in one direction from the hotel, and our men folks three blocks in the other direction. Some were fortunate enough to secure rooms at the hotel. Seattle is very hilly, and our house was at the top of one of those hills, we had a fine large room nicely furnished, and a nice bath room, which we greatly appreciated. In about two hours we went back to the hotel and found the boys. We then took an auto ride through the city which took two hours. Out to Lake Washington, through the park, around Green Lake, to the new Boulevard, through Washington Park speedway, which is the same to Seattle as our Riverside drive is to New York City, through the residential district and back through the business district where we got out, and went through a great many of the stores buying souvenirs. After hunting around for a suitable restau-



rant and supplying the inner man, we boarded a trolley car and went out to the exposition, about half an hour's ride. The Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition opened June 1st, 1909, and closed on October 16. It stood on the grounds of the University of Washington, and eight of the buildings are of permanent construction, to revert to the University. They are the first permanent buildings that have been erected for an exposition. In all \$605,000 has been spent in buildings to be added to those already owned by the University. The A. Y. P. E. was the first to be completed in every detail, before the opening date. The cactus dahlia, the official flower of the exposition, could be seen all over the grounds, and as you turned into different walks, either side of the walk was a bank of poppies, geraniums, and other flowers, each walk being different, a beautiful sight. We visited the Auditorium, where concerts were given daily. The fine arts building filled with paintings and statuary from all parts of the world. In the court of honor were grouped the Government buildings, and such exhibit structures as the Manufacturers, Agriculture, Foreign, and Oriental palaces, in front of which was a fine cascade, and in the distance looms up Mt. Rainier. The gardens all slope toward the lakes, making a very pretty picture. In one of the buildings they had beautiful specimens of shells and pearl ornaments, gorgeously shaded. We ate our supper at the Vienna Café, and my, how they did charge. They had two fine singers there dressed in Vienna costume, and I presume they caused the high prices; but we were out for fun, and a good time. Those little things did not bother us any more than a casual mention. We walked around until dark and the place

was illuminated. It certainly was a brilliant sight. At nine o'clock we boarded the car and went to the city, and up the steep hill once more, to our room. We were grateful for a nice comfortable bed and slept well. The following morning we went down to the hotel to meet the boys, who must have felt too weary to even glance at their watches, for it was nine o'clock when they put in an appearance, and we had not tasted a morsel of food. After we had dined, we crossed the ferry on Elliott Bay to West Seattle, boarded a small trolley car which went up and up a hill, along a nice level avenue, which by the appearance of the street and new houses, had not been opened a great while. A dear friend who used to live at my home in New York had gone to Denver, Colorado, about seven years ago to live and make her home there. She has since married, and is now living at West Seattle. They have a fine piece of ground overlooking Puget Sound in the distance, and some day they will have a fine house there too. Just at present their home is small; but time improves all things. We had luncheon with her and staid about three hours, as we had no more time to spare. She has a bright, smart little girl about five years old. We went back to Seattle, had our dinner, then went back to the train which left at ten-thirty. Seattle was at one time the home of several hundred Indians, and the occasional meeting place of thousands, who were attracted to this point on account of its convenience and accessibility. The first white settlers located there in 1852 and laid out a town in 1853, which they named Seattle, after a friendly Indian chief. The growth of the city was slow, during the first twenty years, the population numbering

1100 in 1870. In 1880 the number had increased to 3533, and at the present time is 260,000.

The city covers seventy-eight square miles, fifty of it land, and twenty-eight water. It owns its own water system, which is brought from Cedar River in the foothills of the Cascade mountains by gravitation, and is very soft and pure. The distance from the head works to Seattle is twenty-eight miles, and the water is carried to the city in wooden and steel pipes. Seattle is a trading and commercial centre, and in recent years has become one of the most important manufacturing cities of the Pacific coast, and commands about 80 per cent. of the profitable trade with Alaska. The University of Washington occupies 355 acres on Lakes Union and Washington, and the Government has under consideration the connecting of these two lakes with Puget Sound, thus providing a fresh water harbor for all shipping.

In the little triangular park at Pioneer Place, just in front of the Northern Pacific city ticket offices, stands a large and very fine totem pole brought from Alaska at heavy expense. Fort Lawton is a large United States Military post in the northern suburbs of the city. The points in and around Seattle may most of them be visited by street car. The sight seeing car making a thirty mile trip that consumes three hours, and enables tourists to obtain a very fair idea of the city builded like ancient Rome, on lofty hills, from which the eye takes in a panoramic sweep of water, forest and mountain, of which Seattleites are naturally very proud. The street car system covers nearly two hundred miles. Both electric and cable cars are used. There are 1500 manufacturing plants, employing 17,000 wage-earners, and turn-

ing out a combined product aggregating \$60,000,000. Bank deposits in 1908 were \$64,000,000. Foreign Exports exceeded \$18,000,000, and Foreign Imports equalled nearly \$26,000,000. The local traffic handled by the so-called "mosquito fleet," equals \$25,000,000 per annum. Seattle has a fine public library, many clubs, over sixty schools, more than three hundred churches and religious societies, and owns its electric lighting plant and water system. Capitol Hill is the high class residential district, and has many beautiful homes. Puget Sound is that great inland sea of Washington, having the entrance from the Pacific Ocean in the wide strait of Juan de Fuca. On both sides are high mountains, with some of the highest peaks in the United States in view. Its surroundings are hardly less delightful than its own broad stretches of sea green, its forest fringed shores, and its quiet bays and inlets. There is a large fleet of steamers plying upon the waters of Puget Sound, with Seattle as their home port. These steamers carry freight and passengers to more than two hundred adjacent cities, towns, villages and ports at very low rates. The Puget Sound Navy Yard is located just across the sound from Seattle, and its supplies are all purchased in Seattle, which exceed \$100,000 per month. It has the only government dry dock on the Pacific coast, large enough to dock a battleship, and construction of a much larger one to cost \$2,000,000 is already under way. The yard gives employment to from 700 to 1000 mechanics, and is growing in importance yearly. Some of our party sailed on Puget Sound, which is considered very beautiful; but in half a day very little can be seen to describe it justly. Leaving Seattle we are on our

way back to Portland, where we arrive about 7:30 A. M., July 23rd; but we are not allowed to leave the station as we only make a short stop. All morning we rode along the beautiful Columbia river for one hundred miles, where can be seen many salmon fisheries, also the cascades and the bridge of the Gods. A pretty bit of Indian legend invests this interesting spot. On both the Washington and Oregon sides of the river, at the cascades, may be seen the rough vertical masses of rock two or three thousand feet high, which, folk lore says, were once the massive abutments of a great natural rock bridge, spanning the Columbia. A fierce dissension broke forth between Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams. Fierce and furious grew the quarrel until Mt. Hood, in an excess of rage, hurled a huge mass of rock at Mt. Adams. This great peak, resenting the insult, replied in kind, and a tremendous bombardment, in which the mountains watched their great strength ensued. The concussion of the great masses of rock as they struck made the earth tremble, and in a furious onslaught the great natural bridge was broken from its moorings and fell, damming the river, causing the cascades of the Columbia. So insistent are the Indian legends, that learned geologists have been somewhat inclined to believe that there did once exist a rock bridge, quite different, however, from the Indian legend, while others say that it could not be possible.

## DALLES, OREGON

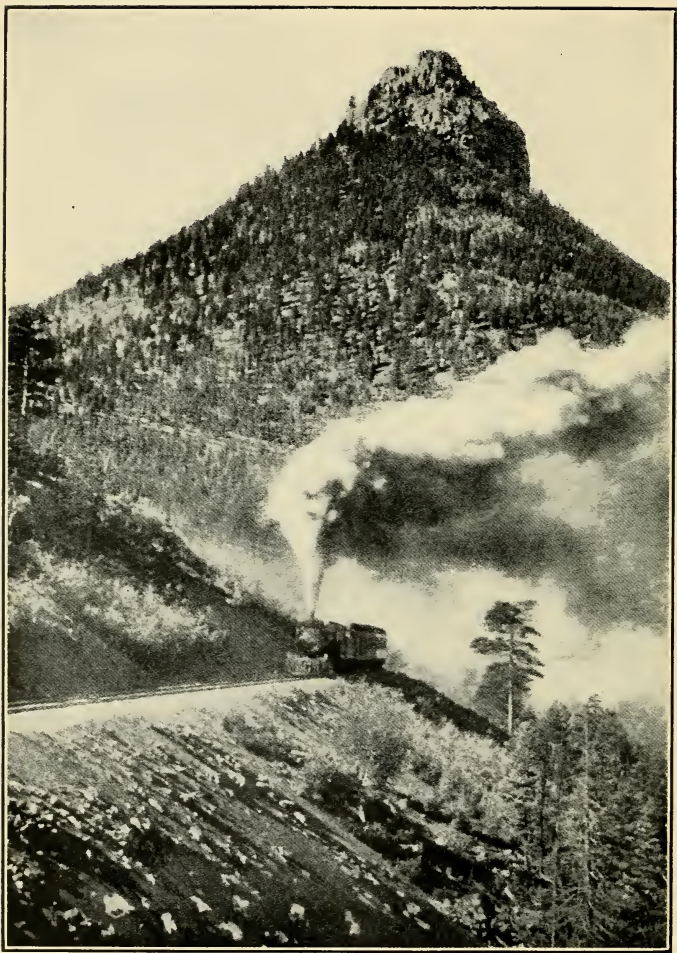
We reached the Dalles about noon, which is the terminus of steamer travel. The Dalles are a wonderful production of nature, and in many respects the most spectacular bit of landscape along the Columbia. The river of water has cut through a stream of what was once fiery lava and the result is on the stupendous, sensational order. The brown-black lava-basalt forms high steep cliffs of the most formidable sort along both sides of the great river, and these are entirely void of vegetation except that of the most scanty kind. The great river has channeled a massive flow of basalt and the waters pour through in a wild rush of cross currents and eddies that renders navigation, even by the Indians, absolutely impracticable. The town of Dalles has a population of 4500, and several hotels. We did not stop, only passed the town. Leaving Dalles we cross the Oregon desert of sand, at a temperature of 120, growing warmer during the day, and part of the night almost unbearable. The following morning we were a weary looking crowd, for the want of rest; but my, how the train did go during the night. We stopped at Pendleton, Oregon, where the population is 7000. It has broad, well paved streets, electric system, water works that cost \$75,000, besides mills, schools and churches.



The town handles from six to eight million pounds of wool yearly and is the seat of Umatilla County, which with scarcely 25,000 population produces one per cent. of all the wheat raised in the United States, besides thousands of bushels of marketable corn, and barley, oats and hay in large quantities. At La Grande, Oregon, heart of the celebrated Grande Ronde Valley, is a beet sugar factory which produced in 1906 5,500,000 pounds of sugar. Immense irrigation project is in course of organization. As we stopped at Shoshone, Idaho, two men were found riding under the cars, and one man on top; they all got off, but as we started up again, one went back to his bunk underneath. Shoshone has a population of 1200 inhabitants. This vicinity offers great inducements to stock raisers, and those seeking homes, as large areas are being converted into farms by irrigation. The government is building dams in Snake river, and reservoirs are being constructed all through this section.







ST. PETER'S DOME, OREGON SHORT LINE

## POCATELLO, IDAHO

As we passed through the sandy country, the conductor of the Oregon Short Line was telling us quite an amusing story. I said to him I do not see what anyone can find to enjoy, living in such a dry, hot country, and he replied it was fine. He had lived there for twenty-one years at "Pocatello." He said an Indian died and was buried, and, in the course of a few days, came to the world asking for a few blankets to keep him warm. He was so cold he could not rest. On arriving at Pocatello the tramp under the train came out, and our people gave him food and drink, which he devoured ravenously. He laid on a long bar under one of the cars, and had to hang on firmly, for the least lurch would throw him off, and good-bye John. At Pocatello was a circus, a one day show, and people came for miles around the country to see it. The Indians were numerous, happy and gay. The road was about three inches thick with hot dust, so we jumped in a conveyance which drove us to the circus. In the tent near to us sat a fine looking Indian Squaw, and she had the dearest plump baby, with great large black eyes; once or twice he cried a little, and I turned and held his hand, and talked to him. He stared at me in wonder; but I guess my pale face scared him, for he seemed very quiet in

a short time. There were hundreds of Indians in the tent, and it was curious to watch their expressions as different performers pleased them. The show was very good, indeed. It was a very warm day, and under that tent in the hot dust, it was stifling. We came out and walked around the town, which has many fine large stores, and the Indians from the near reservations come there for their supplies. The business district covers about five blocks, and the population is 7500; but from what I saw of the town the pretty part must be behind the hills. On arriving at the train, in our car, sat a young strange woman, but she was the horse rider in the circus, and had known one of the gentlemen in our party for a number of years, both were residents of Jersey City. She stayed with us about half an hour, telling of the trials and hardships of a travelling circus, when it was time for us to start, and she had to leave us, giving us plenty to think about for the rest of the day. One of the men from the circus came along on horseback, and different members of our party took turns riding. It was amusing to watch their manœuvres, and unless one is with a party of this sort, it is impossible to realize the fun and sport in all the small trifles that happen at each stopping place. You must be there to appreciate it all. We left Pocatello at 6 P. M., arriving at Idaho Falls about 7 P. M. Dinner was just being served, and those of us who were not fortunate enough to arrive in time for the first sitting, either had to go back to their cars to sit down, or wait in the passageway for the next sitting, and as our party were four cars back from the diner, we much preferred standing, especially when the train was moving rapidly. Just as we stood

there the train stopped at Idaho Falls, where a gentleman who proved to be an Elk jumped on with two large boxes, and as I was nearest to him, handed them to me, saying, will you kindly distribute these among the ladies; I thanked him and passed one box in the diner, asking that they be passed along, and each lady take some. It was a box of pansies tied in small bunches, and the other one was full of loose sweet peas, which some one took out of my hand and walked off with it, also a large bouquet of beautiful garden flowers which some one else walked off with. This gentleman's wife had picked and arranged them all herself, and I know a great many appreciated them, only it seemed a shame to destroy such pretty flowers. We had no way of keeping them in water, and they just lay in our seats and withered. Two of the young girls in our car used to put them all together in a large vase until bedtime, but when the bunks were made up, they had to be thrown out, as there was no place to put them.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK

We arrived at Yellowstone Park very early Sunday morning, July 25, but had our breakfast as usual on the train. We had been told to make up parties of ten, as that was the number the coaches carried. A great many did so; but others did not, consequently there was much confusion, and instead of allowing the full parties preference of the larger coaches, those nearest at hand jumped in, leaving two or three vacant seats in some of them waiting to be filled, and when the smaller coaches carrying five drove up, no one wanted to split their party, which caused quite a delay. It was close to nine o'clock when we finally started off, our Bayonne party of ten being together. The roads were dusty, and it was very warm, and we were all rather quiet. We went in at the Western entrance from the Oregon Short Line in Montana. On entering the park, we are in Christmas Tree Park, quite a forest of pines. About two miles from the entrance, we arrive at Madison River, and the government road follows the stream to its head-waters in the geyser basin. We came to Riverside Military station, where a detachment of the United States cavalry is located for the protection of this part of the reserve. The Madison River is famous for Rainbow and Lock Leven trout. There are over one hundred miles of trout



streams in the park, with but few restrictions. We soon reach the Firehole river, along which is a very pretty drive. We arrive at the Fountain hotel for luncheon, situated on the east side of the valley. The central portion is a nearly level plateau six or seven miles in width, only partially timbered, and covered with either spring deposit or marsh. The general elevation is about 7250 feet. Fountain Geyser occupies an eminence (south of the hotel) about 2000 feet. Its eruptions can be seen from the hotel, but better near by, as the great quantities of steam arising from its overflow obstruct the view. When both the pool and crater are full of water to the rim, it is probable that an eruption will soon take place, as immediately after action the water falls from twelve to eighteen inches below the crater rim, from which point it rises gradually until the climax is reached. A mile from the Fountain hotel the road-way crosses Nez Perces Creek, the east fork of the Firehole, made famous by the Nez Perces Indians, headed by chief Joseph, on their memorable raid through the park in 1877, while pursued by General Howard and his command. Some few hundred feet east of the hotel are situated the mammoth paint pots. This remarkable mud caldron has a basin which measures 40 x 60 feet with a mud rim on three sides, which is from four to five feet in height. In this basin is a mass of fine whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. It resembles some vast boiling pot of paint. After luncheon we started off again, and after a short distance we came to Rainbow, Emerald and Boiling pools, where we can get out and view them. They have boards here and there to walk on, as there is a moisture on the cracked



ground which is ruinous to shoes. The colorings in the Rainbow and Emerald pools were beautiful, and in the Boiling pool you could drop your handkerchief, which would disappear, and finally come to the surface, when the guide would take it out on a stick and hand it to you. While watching this process, we were startled by two horses running wildly toward the river bank, and it seemed they had gone in the water, but the next moment up they came again, dashing down the road, over the bridge, and toward the coaches. They were the first two horses from one of our coaches. Something frightened them and they broke loose, never stopping until they plunged blindly into one of the coaches, almost upsetting it, which caused a great commotion, one of the ladies fainted, and all were badly frightened. The horses were hurt internally. One died in a few minutes, and the other one the following day. That party had to split and take two small coaches. As we passed any notable geyser along the road we were allowed to get out and view them. The Great Fountain being about a mile east of the main road we did not see; but eruptions occur about every eight to twelve hours, the display lasting about half an hour. Also in this same vicinity are the White Dome Surprise, Firehole Spring, Mushroom and Buffalo Spring, the latter deriving its name from the whitened skeleton of a Buffalo that had probably fallen in. Excelsior Geyser on the west bank of the Firehole is 330 feet in length by 200 feet in width at the widest point. The water is of a deep blue tint, and is intensely agitated all the time, so that dense clouds of steam are constantly arising from it. After an eruption the water is thrown nearly fifty feet, then explosions

occur, and large masses of rocky formation are hurled into Firehole river, some pieces fully 500 feet from the crater. Turquoise Spring is a silent pool 100 feet in diameter, and remarkable for its beautiful blue transparent water. There is a constant overflow from the spring through a shallow channel, some two feet wide, its side and bottom being exquisitely colored. Prismatic Lake is the most beautiful in the entire park regions. Over the bowl of this spring the water is of a deep blue color, changing to green toward the margin, while that in the shallow portions of the lake surrounding the central basin has a yellow tint, gradually fading into orange. Outside its rim there is a brilliant red deposit which shades into purple, brown and gray. This coloring is in vivid bands, which are strikingly marked and distinct. The water flowing off in every direction, has formed a succession of terraces down the slopes of the mound. It is impossible to describe the delicacy and richness of the coloring. The entire drive from Midway to the Upper Basin is among these natural wonders, but tourists usually proceed to the hotel located at the extreme south end of the Upper Basin before beginning a minute and detailed examination of them. Upper Geyser Basin embraces an area about four square miles. It contains 26 geysers and over 400 hot springs. Iron Spring Creek bounds it on the west, timbered mountain slopes on southeast to northwest, as it is of triangular shape, and a wavy line of dark forest trees on the south. Here grouped are the grandest and mightiest geysers known to man. Clouds of vapor hang above it, and the earth is filled with strange rumblings. On we go until after a few days' riding of twenty-nine miles, we

arrive at Old Faithful Inn, where we stay for the night. Old Faithful Inn is a log structure with every convenience of a modern hotel. The rough blocks of stone, which form its foundation, appear as natural as when found at the base of the surrounding mountains. The interior is all built of massive logs tapering on each balcony as giant trees. The staircase leading to the lookout has split logs for steps, which a great many of us climbed, and were amply repaid by the fine view of the vicinity. It made us puff, but was worth the puff. The windows have small diamond shaped panes, with dainty French curtains looped back. Elbows of natural branches form the braces for the numerous gables and frame the many balconies and staircases surrounding the office, while timbers braced different ways support the high roof. The huge doors of the entrance and dining-room are noticeable to all. Their hinges and quaint iron locks, together with the immense clock, were hand-forged from bar iron. The old fire place is a welcoming sight, and its chimney, sixteen feet square at its base, and made of large lava blocks, towers high through the roof, four stories above. The chimney contains four large and four small fireplaces and fastened against it is the immense clock keeping mountain time. In another chimney in the dining-room is constructed the old-time spit and oven. In contrast to the rough logs, there appear electric candles, hardwood floors, mission furniture, gay rugs and curtains, all of which give a warmth and richness to the building. The large bell on the roof announces interesting events, and tolls a quarter of an hour before the opening of the dining-room. The centre of the building rises eight stories high surmounted by

the lookout that gives a fine view of the Geyser Basin. From half a dozen golden topped flag staffs float the emblems of various nations. At night by the aid of the powerful search light can be seen Old Faithful Geyser in action, also bears feeding at the edge of the timber. Old Faithful Geyser plays about every half hour, eruptions by moonlight, at sunrise, or sunset, in a storm or in clear weather, with their varied effects, holding the visitor's attention. Its eruptions begin with a few spurts, from which considerable water is thrown out, these are followed in a few minutes by a column of hot water two feet in diameter, which is thrown to a height of 125 feet, where it seems to remain stationary about three minutes. We saw it play three times, and with the searchlight playing the colors on it, it was a grand sight. It was the night of the 25th of July when we saw it, and very cold, in fact it snowed, for the following morning the mountains were white with snow. Old Faithful Inn cost \$200,000 and was opened to the public for the season of 1904. It was quite crowded the night we were there, and the men were hurrying here and there with cots, so that all might be comfortably housed. During the evening some one popped what looked to us from the balcony like a handful of popcorn in the great fire place, and when done filled a large dish pan, which was passed among the guests, each one taking a handful. It was a very pleasing sight to sit at the railing on the floor above and look down and around at the groups, some talking, and smiling, all looking happy and interested. We walked down to the curios building, bought some pretty souvenirs, then went back to the hotel and retired. Our room was large, airy and comfortable.

In the morning as I sat down to breakfast I was quite surprised at seeing a lady friend, whom I had not seen in several years. Our surprise was mutual. We were with different parties, each making the park tour. All through the trip we met at the lunch stations, and in the evening at the hotels, where we had good old-fashioned talks. As soon as breakfast was over, we had to get our baggage together and as our coaches came along, off we went for the second day. Near Old Faithful, but on the footpath, is the Grotto. A most curious cone, close by the roadside. Its eruptions take place four times daily, each one lasting about thirty minutes, from which immense volumes of steam escape. The Punch Bowl is situated on the summit of a small mound, with a glittering rim of bright colored formation eighteen inches high, boiling constantly, giving it a steady overflow. A small opening on the east side of the cone is very handsome, and much admired, having the appearance of being lined with fine satin. Morning Glory Spring can be seen from the stage close by the roadside. It is a silent pool some twenty feet in diameter. The peculiar shape of its funnel-like crater, and soft purple tint gives it this appropriate name. A great many beautiful geysers all along the road, and more, near the Firehole river, can be seen from the footpath, taking more time than our tour called for. We arrived at Thumb station for lunch, tired and hungry. It had been raining off and on all morning; being very raw and cold we had to wrap the blankets around us to keep warm. There was a great scramble for the dining-room, there being about six hundred people to feed, some coming from the opposite direction. When the dining-room



was filled they closed the doors, hanging up a placard stating the time of the next sitting. The lunch was fine, and I guess everyone enjoyed the hot soup, and fresh hot gingerbread. We walked around to see the peculiar formations, and as we started off again were told to remember our coaches and places in them; but from what I heard afterward, I think our party was the only one who changed seats, giving each a chance at the best places, also taking turns to sit with the driver, and asking all sorts of curious, crazy questions; but we had any amount of fun. This afternoon our route was over the summit of the Continental Divide, near Shoshone Lake, the headwaters of Lewis Fork of Snake river, a branch of the Columbia that empties into the Pacific Ocean. Leaving the geysers the road follows up the Madison river to Keppler Cascades. One of the park soldiers on horseback rode along side of us for some time; they have to cover twenty miles of the reserve each day. We saw two men coming toward us on horseback, and the soldier said to us get ready for a hold up, by his manner we were not at all alarmed, and then he told us those men were called cowpunchers, they hunt up the horses that are let loose from the stages. There are stations where they exchange horses; but very often from the long journey they give out, at which time they are loosened from the coach and given their freedom, until caught. The road continues up the Madison River about two miles, to the third crossing, when it leaves the river, following the course of Spring creek nearly to the summit of the Divide. At the third and last crossing of the Madison a side trip can be made to Lone Star geyser, about half a mile south of the bridge. The chief beauty of this

geyser lies in its cone, which is striped vertically with bands of white, lavender and brown, intermixed with shades of yellow, and is completely covered with pearl like beads. Shoshone Point about half way between the Upper Basin and Yellowstone Lake commands fine views. It overlooks Shoshone Lake, and its beautiful valley. Shoshone Lake has an area of about a dozen square miles, with an irregular shore line. On a clear day can be seen the three snow capped sentinels of the Teton mountains fifty miles distant, that form a portion of the boundary between the States of Wyoming and Idaho, overtopping all other peaks of the Rockies, full 14,000 feet high. If any one prefers they may go to the hotel by steamer on the lake, but at additional cost. There are no less than seven hot spring areas surrounding Yellowstone Lake. They comprise over sixty springs and paint pots and several geyser cones, one of which rises above the lake surface just a few feet from shore, standing upon which one may catch trout, and dipping them into the hot water in the crater of the cone, cook them without taking from the hook. This is no fish story; but an actual fact. Nearly opposite the fishing cone is another paint pot basin, about fifty feet in diameter, a mass of beautifully colored, fine clay tinting on pinks and reds, around the edges are a dozen or more hollow mud cones from which discharges of mud often occur. This was a very cold disagreeable day, drizzling rain all day. During the day we saw four deer, and they looked so gentle, not the least bit timid. The road by a lake had been washed out from the storm, and they had to prop the bridge up with large stones so travellers could resume their journey. After a day of thirty-five miles of driv-



ing we arrive at the Lake hotel, where the log fires in the grates looked very cheerful. Everything is so arranged at the Lake hotel that guests can spend the entire season there, making short easy trips of sightseeing, or exploring all points of the great reserve. Yellowstone Lake is fifteen by twenty miles in size. This is the largest body of water in North America at so great an altitude, 7740 feet above sea level. The natural bridge, an arch of stone, is some forty feet high and six feet wide, its abutments being some thirty feet apart, situated four miles southwest from the Lake hotel. During the trout season, a catch of one hundred, three or four hours before sundown, is a common occurrence. At this hotel we had to bunk in a room, but they were large and comfortable, and on such occasions the more the merrier; but my, how cold it was. We had extra blankets on, and next morning when we started out, some men were paying five cents for newspapers to put under their vests to keep warm. We saw quite a number of deer and elk that morning, and it was still raining. It began to clear about an hour after starting, and the high altitude bothered us a great deal. It seemed at times we could scarcely breathe, and one lady in our party was very sick. Leaving Yellowstone Lake to Sylvan Pass, the road passes through the valley of Pelican creek, along the south shore of Turbid Lake and gradually ascends the mountains along the foot hills of Avalanche Peak to Sylvan Pass. Just before reaching the Pass, there is one of the finest panoramic views in the park. There are fine camping grounds all through the park. The road from the lake to the Grand Canyon follows the valley of the Yellowstone the entire dis-

tance, seventeen miles. It passes Mud Geysers, Sulphur mountain, across Hayden valley, and within four miles of the National Park Game Enclosure, in the upper valley of Trout and Alum Creeks, where it is intended to protect specimens of all the large animals found in this region, such as buffalo, elk, deer, and mountain sheep. Mud Geysers are about five miles from the Lake hotel, and consist of several large craters filled with blue pasty mud, emitting odors far from agreeable. The mud volcano at the base of the cliff throws out a lead colored mass of mud, resembling soft mortar, very repulsive, but at the same time fascinating. The most violent eruptions witnessed occurred in the summer of 1898. The mud plastered trees in the vicinity are an evidence of those terrific explosions. Hayden Valley extends from Mud Geyser to Alum Creek along the Yellowstone and west from the river to Mary Mountain. It is the largest valley in the reservation, and a great place for game, being protected on the north and west by a heavily timbered range. Sulphur mountain consists of a group of hills, each about 150 feet high, from which a fine view is obtained. Large blocks of rocks are scattered about in which can be seen a large amount of sulphur. The fumes arising are very disagreeable. The chief attraction is a large boiling spring. The road from Sulphur mountain to Canyon hotel soon joins the main road along the river, passes over the rolling country and along the banks of the Yellowstone nearly to the Upper Falls. The magnificent Grand Canyon bridge over the Yellowstone river, at the head of the rapids, above the Upper Falls affords visitors a fine view of the Grand Canyon from the opposite side. Here is also a footpath to the

foot of the great falls, where Artistic Point is located, so-called from being the position selected by Mr. Thomas Moran from which to paint his celebrated picture now hanging in the nation's capitol at Washington. The Upper Falls have a perpendicular drop of 140 feet. A quarter of a mile below, it takes another leap of 360 feet, called the Lower or Great Falls. Cascade Falls are below the bridge which spans the creek, and from a ladder at Grotts Creek can be plainly seen. A short distance beyond Cascade Creek the road passes a point from which the first glimpse of the Grand Canyon is obtained. Inspiration Point, three miles distant, can be plainly seen. Following the foot trail the tourist soon stands upon a natural platform of rock upon the very edge of the Canyon, overlooking the awful plunge, at which point the river, some 250 feet in width a short distance above, narrows to just seventy-four feet, and while the view from here is grand, the best view is obtained from Point Lookout and Red Rock Point. Lookout is over 1200 feet above the river, and the driveway follows the canyon as near the edge as possible for three miles to Inspiration Point, being 1500 feet above the river. Looking down the stream the view of the canyon is especially fine. Beside the road may be seen a large boulder of granite, a most interesting relic of glacial deposit, said by geologists to have been there during the ice period. We passed by the road to Canyon Hotel to view the Grand Canyon, then back to the hotel for luncheon, dinner, and lodging. The day was very cold and dreary, and there was always a group near the radiators. We sat a good part of the afternoon near one looking out doors, watching the people coming and going, for after

luncheon a great many walked back to the Canyon and down the long stairs to obtain another view, and such looking creatures when they came back, almost blown to pieces. The steps number 494 leading to the lower falls.

All through the park we met people travelling in the opposite direction, also some camping out, and wagons with stoves in, and all the necessary outfit for camping purposes. There were signs at different points on which were printed, "Good camps here." We saw quite a few parties unloading, making fires and all full of fun; we always saluted and made some funny remark, so did they. One day we saw a large bear running along and up the hill, with some of the camp supplies in his mouth, being rapidly pursued. It was quite amusing to the onlookers; but not so to the owners of the supplies. I do not think I would sleep much if I knew bears were prowling around, yet I think camping must be fine sport. The Wylie camps look very clean and inviting as we pass them, and are stationed all through the park. The tents at all Wylie camps are of three uniform sizes, the most popular one having four rooms, two on each side of a six foot hallway. All of the tents have wood heaters in which the camp boys build fires cool mornings and evenings. The meals are well cooked and are served family style in large permanent dining tents. The forty dollar ticket covers both camp accommodation and staging. At night the camp fire, with singing, corn popping, and good stories passes many pleasant evenings. The season for opening is June 15, and closes September 15. This day we saw seven deers, at one time, two at either side of the stage as

we passed, never moving at our approach; but kept right on eating. After dinner we bundled ourselves up and went to the top of the hill, back of the hotel, to see the bears. At the top of the hill as you look ahead and down, there is a large open space where they throw all the refuse from the hotel, then the large white birds come and eat and disappear, when finally you see Mr. Bruin come wabbling along, he looks so large and clumsy. In a little while another one came out, and then another with two little cubs. They do not seem the least bit fierce, and at the slightest noise, they run away. Grand Canyon Hotel is one thousand feet above the lower falls. The hotel is modern throughout, and many interesting features can be visited from this point. As we arrived at the hotel a young woman of our party came toward me, saying she and her friend had been assigned the same room with my aunt and I, and she seemed quite ruffled. She asked if we would mind changing, to which I replied certainly not; but we did not like the arrangement any more than she, and would put up with anything in reason, rather than complain and find fault, for those in charge had their heart and hands full to please some people. At any rate we exchanged, and had two of our own party instead, so everybody was satisfied. Next morning was still cold and dismal, and the roads very muddy and heavy, hard work for the poor horses. We left the hotel at 7:30 for Norris Basin, a twelve-mile drive, mostly through a forest. The road passes over the "Divide" separating the Yellowstone from the Missouri at an altitude of more than 8000 feet. Along this road are the twin trees, also can be seen Mt. Washburn,



which has an elevation of 10,388 feet above sea level. It is the highest mountain in the reservation, from which is a fine view. It is about ten miles from Mt. Washburn to Tower Falls, and three miles from the falls to Yancey's. The petrified trees are one and a half miles from Yancey's, and are reached by an easy trail. They are the only specimens of petrified trees to be found in the park, standing in their natural positions. Yancey's place is eighteen miles from Monmouth Hot Springs, and has excellent camp grounds. Arriving at Norris for luncheon, there was the same rush, everybody hungry, and I guess dry. The lunch was very fine. After luncheon a great many of us left the hotel ahead of the coaches, walking through Norris Basin accompanied by a guide who explains all points of interest, meeting our coaches near the Monarch Geysers. This region, called the Gibbon Geyser Basin, was discovered in 1875 by Colonel P. W. Norris, then superintendent of the park. It covers an area of six square miles, and is a very interesting portion, being the highest geyser basin in the park. The impression on nearing the basin is of a manufacturing place, the terrible noise and rumbling and hissing of steam, and very unpleasant odors, make one feel cautious where they tread. The Congress, Constant, Black Growler, Monarch, New Crater and Emerald pool are the chief attractions. Many of the craters are thinly crusted, and must be gone over carefully. Mr. Vincent told us one never knows what is going to happen in Yellowstone Park; but I am thankful to say we escaped all injury. Starting out again the roadway passes along the base of Obsidian Cliff for 1000 feet. The greater part of this mineral glass is

jet black, and quite opaque, with traces of red and yellow rising 250 feet above the road, glistening like a mirror with the sun's rays. The roadway along its base was constructed in a very novel way, and with much difficulty. Great fires were built around the huge blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, resulting in shattering the blocks into small fragments. There being no other exposed ridge of obsidian in the Rocky Mountains, and this material being more desirable than flint for the manufacture of arrow heads, it was once a famous resort for all tribes of Indians, who congregated here in great numbers, and was a sacred place to all of them. Chips of obsidian and partly finished arrow heads are found throughout the park, at places occupied by Indians as summer camps. Opposite is Beaver Lake. The road continues along Beaver Lake, which is one mile wide and a quarter of a mile long, in which several beaver dams are constructed, each having a fall of from two to four feet. A beaver house still inhabited is near the west shore of the lake. Twin Lakes are passed, just a trifle apart, one deep blue, the other deep green, also Mineral Lake and Frying Pan. Golden Gate, four miles from Mammoth Hot Springs, is one of the most picturesque points in the park. It is a rugged pass between the base of the lofty elevations of Bunsen Peak and the southern extremity of Terrace mountain, through which flows the west branch of Gardiner river. The sides of these rocky walls which rise 20 to 300 feet above the roadway, are covered with a yellow moss. The pillars at the east entrance, twelve feet high, were originally a part of the



canyon wall. The construction of this roadway and viaduct, scarce a mile in length, was the most expensive and difficult piece of road building yet encountered by the government engineers. Rustic Falls at the west end of Golden Gate is very pretty, and is fed by mountain snows and springs along the base of the hills, a mile or so beyond. Between Golden Gate and the springs you pass Silver Gate and the Hoodoos, on a gradual ascent, and in less than three miles you have reached an elevation of a thousand feet. The road passes through the Hoodoos, a wild strange region, and many theories are advanced as to their origin, the most plausible being an immense quantity of deposit or formation that was carried there in solution by the hot waters of Mammoth Springs, leaving honey-combed caves beneath, and the present Hoodoos region is simply where the mountain has caved in, filling the cavern below. They cover an area of about one square mile. In the midst of the Hoodoos the road makes a sharp turn, passing between great blocks of limestone that rise abruptly fully seventy-five feet high, and this is called Silver Gate. It requires fully two hours to visit all the prominent springs and terraces at Mammoth Springs; but passing along the roadway to the hotel, you have an excellent view of the terraces, which have beautiful colorings. They are colored by a growth which thrives in hot water. When the waters change their courses, this jelly-like plant dies, to dry up and be blown away. Bright shades of red, yellow, and green appear. Around the steam vents sulphur is often found; but the coloring of the terraces is due to the vegetable velvet. The Algae-Hyman terrace is located

near the hotel, very brilliantly colored. Liberty Cap, an extinct hot spring cone, at the foot of terrace mountain near the road, is fifty-two feet high, and twenty-feet in diameter at its base. Minerva terrace is a mass of deposit forty feet in height, covering an area of nearly three-fourths of an acre, with a hot spring on the summit twenty feet in diameter. Articles of iron, glass, or any hard substance placed where the water runs over them, are soon covered with crystal white deposit. During periods of activity the basins are delicately colored, from the lightest shades of yellow at the top, to the bright orange at the base, the pools being filled with transparent blue water. A climb of 10 feet is necessary to reach Jupiter terrace. The two large springs of boiling water, fully 100 feet in diameter, supply the main terrace, seen from the driveway. Devil's Kitchen is the crater of an extinct hot spring, and can be entered with safety. Through a small opening some six or eight feet in diameter you descend a ladder into the kitchen. The peculiar damp and heated atmosphere of the interior produces a queer sensation, and you immediately desire to be in the fresh air. When the Devil's Kitchen was first found, numerous bones of wild animals were found in the cave, and it was alive with flying bats. Fort Yellowstone is situated at Mammoth Hot Springs. It is a large United States cavalry post, whose commanding officer is superintendent of the park. Stations can be seen all through the park, the duties of the soldiers being to protect the various objects of interest, that no poachers enter, and to prevent spreading camp fires. Several scouts are employed by the government who roam over the entire

area. Arriving at Mammoth Hotel we were shown our room, which was immense. It had three full-sized beds in it, three washstands, a dresser, half a dozen chairs, and a rocker, with ample room for moving about. When we entered the room the young lady who refused to room with us at the Canyon Hotel and her friend were quite busy arranging their hair, and apparently at home. We left our grips in the room, and walked out to find their companion. We found her and she said two of our party had been assigned to room with her. I said never mind. I will soon fix that up. I hunted around until I found our two friends, then went back to our room and asked the two young ladies to exchange, which they cheerfully did, and everybody was satisfied. We had six of our own party in the room, and on retiring we had any amount of fun, which can only be appreciated by those interested. There was quite a large orchestra in the hotel on a raised platform. After dinner the musicians played some fine selections for about an hour, then dance music until ten-thirty. A great many people were attired in full evening dress, some looked stunning and grand, while others were gaudy and conspicuous. Some of our party spent the evening at the Military headquarters, which proved to be very enjoyable. The hotel is in quite a valley, and to look down and around from the fourth story, is beautiful mountains and terraces all around. The German couple in our car were put way up in the attic, and such a fuss as she made. He was going back and forth, up and down, trying to secure a room on the ground floor.

He finally succeeded, for down they came, she first, her face very red and angry, he following meekly with the grip. Those of us who knew the circumstances could not help laughing; but it was a shame to put them way up there. He was a great big man, and she short and fat, hard work for both of them to climb stairs. They seemed to be blest with this world's goods, for they managed to get whatever they wanted, and bought very expensive presents. The next morning we left Mammoth Hotel, early, as we had forty miles to cover, stopping again at Norris for luncheon. The greater part of the road we had been over the previous day. The new part mostly forests. We passed what they called the knotted trees. Two trees grown together and twisted in all sorts of shapes; there was quite a number of them. The day was very warm and the sun shone brightly. Another lady and myself sat up with the driver for sixteen miles right to the station. It was fine, and such a broad open view, which made up for most of the week's unpleasantness. We had as much fun along the road, making funny remarks, singing, and annoying one another all we could, to keep warm and make things lively.

Yellowstone Park is located in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, with a small strip in Montana and Idaho, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The park is 53 miles east and west, and 61 miles north and south. Three of the largest rivers in the United States, the Missouri, Yellowstone and Columbia, have their source in Yellowstone Park. The geysers of this region out-class anything of the kind in the known world. The

Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, ten miles long, with an average depth of 1200 feet, is the most brilliantly colored landscape in existence. The great range of mountains that extend from Canada to Mexico, dividing the waters that flow to the Pacific from those that flow to the Atlantic, is called the Continental divide. It enters the park a short distance south of the western entrance to the park at Yellowstone. It passes close to Yellowstone Lake and makes its exit near the southeast corner. John Colter was the first white man to see any part of what is now the park. He was in that region in 1807. James Bridges and Joseph L. Meek, fur trappers, were there in the 30's. Warren A. Ferris saw the geysers in 1834 and wrote the first published account of them. Capt. De Lacy explored a part of the country in 1863. Folsom and Cook were there in 1869, the Washburn-Doane party in 1870 and Dr. Hayden in 1871-2. The park was established by the government March 1, 1872. The government has entire control of the park, and within recent years has spent \$1,000,000 in improvements in the park, among which are the fine lava arch entrance at Gardiner, costing \$10,000, and dedicated by President Roosevelt April 24, 1903. The new concrete viaduct at Golden Gate, costing \$10,000, and a fine concrete and steel bridge of artistic design across the Yellowstone River and rapids at an expense of \$20,000. Mammoth Hot Springs is the largest and most important place in the park. Here all authority centers. From Gardiner entrance to Mammoth Hot Springs you follow the Gardiner river to Eagle Nest Crag, one of the most interesting sights of the tour, also the mouth of boiling river is

passed, and the beautiful Gardiner Cañon. We were not over this route, as we came in at the Western entrance, and as we arrived at our train, the porters and all in charge gave us a hearty welcome to our little flats. Our porter had American flags over our doors.



## SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Arriving at Salt Lake City we boarded the sight seeing cars, where two men who did not belong to our party got in next to me. I told them it was a special, he looked at me and said special nothing! In a few minutes someone else told them it was a special, and they said they were special too, finally Mr. Vincent came along to see if we were all there, and when he saw the two strangers, they jumped off lively. As soon as everyone was aboard off we went. The car starts at Main Street, and turning the corner, you are in a financial and banking district, along first South Street, passing the principal market places, also the ruins of Salt Lake's pioneer first class hotel, known in the early days as the Townsend House, and later as the Continental. In the days when the Wells-Fargo stage was the only Pullman which crossed the plains, this famous hostelry sheltered some of America's noted men, also foreign nobility has rested its head upon the Townsend pillow. The memorable journey of Horace Greeley, found both in history and fiction, included a stopping at this hotel. Vice-President Colfax twice made it his headquarters and in 1869 delivered an address from its balcony. The Knutsford Hotel is one of the important stopping places in Utah, and is built

upon the site where the first attempt at irrigation was carried out. From here can be had a glimpse of the great Wasatch range, from which so many millions of gold and silver have been taken. It is from the canyons of these mountains that the supply of water comes which beautifies Salt Lake City, and produces the crops for which the valley is noted. Just to the north of the highest peak is located one of the world's greatest mining camps, known as Park City. We pass the Oquirrh school, capable of accommodating 1000 pupils, the name being derived from the famous mountains to the west noted for their immense rich mines, of which the Ophir mine is one of the thirty great ones. Along the road may be seen dwellings of adobe, which are rapidly giving way to more modern buildings. In building material Salt Lake is very fortunate, all classes of wood and stone, including marble and onyx, being found within a short distance of the city. We pass the largest playground in Utah, containing one hundred acres, having been laid out by Brigham Young. Near the centre is a great adobe building, the first flour mill in Utah, erected by Brigham Young in 1852, and lately restored and preserved as a landmark by the city council. Near the park is a plain two-story brick dwelling surrounded by a pretty lawn and shaded by poplar and cotton wood. This is the birth place of Maud Adams. Brigham Young with the pioneers first entered Salt Lake valley in 1847, that same day the present site of Salt Lake City was reached. The first plans for the construction of Utah's great irrigation were put into effect under Brigham Young's direction, and seed potatoes brought across the plains prepared for plant-

ing. The County House and City Hall stand in the centre of a ten-acre park. The building is one of the most beautiful in America, being constructed of sandstone with onyx trimmings. The summit of the tower is 250 feet above the ground, topped by a massive figure of Columbia. Below it is the largest chime-clock in the western country, installed at a cost of \$500,000. The total cost of the building exceeded \$1,000,000. We turn into Main Street again, passing many handsome residences, among which was the Walker Bros., occupying a full square. Entering the business quarter we are in the midst of large commercial buildings. The national bank of the republic is the strongest of Salt Lake City's financial institutions. Through its fifteen years of existence it has pursued a policy of advancement that has established it foremost in the field of progress. Founded in 1890, becoming a United States depository for national funds, the connections of this bank have been carried into every principal city of America and Europe. The next turn brought us into what is termed the Mormon territory, on the right is located that famous mercantile institution known as Zion's Coöperative Mercantile institution, which in reality is the original among American department stores, and is the most important commercial establishment in the Rocky Mountain region. It employs 500 people, and has over 600 stockholders residing in all parts of the world. With a capital and surplus of \$1,800,000 its annual sales are about \$5,000,000. Turning at the base of the monument we are in the historic ground of the great Mormon Temple, the second most costly religious edifice in America. The design is a grandly im-

pressive structure. Its cost reaching \$3,469,118. Its cornerstone was laid in April, 1852, and it was dedicated on April 6, 1893, which event brought the largest gathering ever known to Salt Lake City. Before its dedication non-Mormons were allowed to visit the Temple; but since this event no one save Mormons in good standing are allowed to enter its doors. The Temple length including towers is  $186\frac{1}{2}$  feet, its width 99 feet, the height of rock on central tower facing east 210 feet, on central western tower 204 feet. The wall is  $107\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Its foundation is 16 feet in depth with the same thickness, its walls to the first floor are 9 feet in thickness, the remainder 6 feet in thickness with buttress of 7 feet. The Temple's entire area is 4850 feet. Surmounting the central eastern tower is a gilded statue of the angel Moroni, sounding with his trumpet the Mormon gospel to the world. Upon the face of this tower are set gilded ornaments, representing the sun, moon and stars. Each of the corner towers contains a solid granite stairway 6 feet wide, from its bottom to the top of the walls. There are 800 steps, each of them costing 100 dollars. In the earlier days of its construction, it required four days' work from four yoke of oxen to draw one stone from the quarry to the Temple site, which was replaced by a railroad in 1873, making transportation much easier. There is also the famous Tabernacle, surmounted by a dome shaped roof 250 feet in length, 150 feet wide, and 80 feet high, erected without pillar or post. This building seats about 8000 people, and the general meetings of the Mormon church are held here. The acoustics of the Tabernacle are remarkable, so faint a

sound as the falling of a pin being heard at a distance of 250 feet. We were all up in the gallery and heard the pin drop plainly, also heard the man whisper. Within the Tabernacle is one of the greatest pipe organs in the world and the finest in cost and tone. Its organist, Mr. J. J. McClellan, is a native of Utah, and his accompaniments lead a choir of 500 voices directed by Evan Stevens. Besides there is a juvenile choir of 1500 voices. The church authorities decided to have this organ up to the times, and after placing new mechanism in the organ, it was completed about five years ago, and is considered the finest in organ building. The front towers have an altitude of 48 feet, and the dimensions of the organ are 30x33 feet. It has 110 stops and accessories, and contains a total of over 5000 pipes, ranging in length from one-quarter of an inch to thirty-two feet. It comprises five complete organs. Solo, swell, great, choir and pedal, in other words, four keyboards in addition to the pedals. There is no color, shade or tint of tone that cannot be produced upon it. The organ is blown by a ten-horse-power electric motor, and two gangs of feeders furnish 5000 cubic feet of air a minute, when it is being played full. The organist is seated many feet from the instrument, which places him well among the choir. Regular public services are held in the Tabernacle Sunday afternoons, and during the summer season free organ recitals every day at twelve o'clock. We heard one and the pieces were beautiful, one especially made you feel as if you were ascending to heaven. The Mormons have no professional or paid preachers; but the presiding officer at any meeting calls members of the congregation, frequently without previ-

ous notice, to address the people. Every member is expected to understand its doctrines and be prepared to expound them and to exhort his fellow members. The women conduct their own services, do their own speaking, and have their own choirs. The members of their General Boards travel constantly, visiting the branches and missions, and founding their organizations everywhere, even extending to England, Germany, Scandinavia, Australia, Canada, Mexico and to the Islands of the sea. Women have full suffrage in Utah. To services held in the Tabernacle all seats are free, and no contributions taken up. Opposite the Temple stands the tithing yard, where all faithful saints are supposed to pay one-tenth of their earnings and profits to the church every year. The roof of the Tabernacle now has a metallic covering. It was erected between 1865-67 before the railway reached Utah, and the building material had to be hauled by ox teams from the Missouri river. It was for this reason that wooden pins were used in place of heavy nails. The self supporting roof is a remarkable piece of engineering. It stands upon pillars of red sandstone, which stand ten to twelve feet apart in the whole circumference of the building, and the pillars support wooden arches ten feet in thickness and spanning 150 feet. These arches are put together with wooden pins, there being no nails or iron of any kind used in the frame work. Utah's State House is to be erected on Capitol Hill, on which there are many handsome residences. From the location to be occupied by the State House is a most beautiful view. To the west lies Salt Lake, before you the city, and way beyond the verdant valley through which flows the river



Jordan, and to the beholder there is no question why the Mormons call their valley like the Holy Land, for geographically it is its duplicate. As we ride along near the base of the mountain you observe an immense letter U cemented in on the mountain side. The lecturer told us that once every year there is a certain number of students selected to clean the letter, by giving it a coat of whitewash, and if any refuse, they are whitewashed. On the way to Warm Springs you pass a bit of the old wall which once protected the city from outside attack. Originally this wall was twenty miles long, six to eight feet high, and paralleled outside by a deep trench. It was necessary in the early days, for the Indians made desperate by the attacks of many emigrants crossing the plains toward California sought revenge from the Mormons. Brigham Young's policy of feed the Indians, don't fight them, finally prevailed, and brought peace between the red and white men of Utah. Utah's state flower is the Sego Lily, a flower with three pure white petals, streaked with brown in the centre. It grew profusely in the bench land near where the pioneers first settled. During the months of scarcity and hardships, those who had food put their families on rations, while those without, or had little, dug sego and thistle and cooked and ate rawhide to eke out their scanty store. Utah belonged to Mexico until 1848, when it was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The present confines of the State measure 345 miles in length by 285 miles in width. It is mountainous throughout, but is traversed from north to south by a chain of fertile valleys. The altitude is from 4200

to 14,000 feet above sea level. West of the Wasatch range is the great desert region in which lies the dead sea of America. The State emblem is the Beehive. The Bee Hive being one of Brigham Young's residences. He had twenty-one wives. I have a card with all their names and pictures on. Utah's best crop is a post card covered with infant's heads. The present confines of the State of Utah were explored by Spaniards in the sixteenth century. It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth that trappers and fur traders wandered through the Wasatch mountains on their way to the Pacific coast. James Bridges came to the shores of the Great Salt Lake in 1824; but no permanent settlement was made in Utah until the coming of the Mormon pioneers under Brigham Young in 1847. The original band of Latter Day Saints consisted of 147 persons; but by 1850 the population of the territory was 11,000. The people had a hard struggle for existence. In 1862 the overland telegraph was completed to Salt Lake City, and the first message flashed over the wires from Utah was to Hon. J. Wade, President of the Pacific Telegraph Co., and signed by Brigham Young. It read, "Utah has not seceded; but is firm for the constitution and laws of our happy country." Never in their history did the Mormons intend isolating themselves from the world. In January, 1896, Utah was admitted as the forty-fifth state of the Union. Mr. Frederick Dellenbaugh of New York in his "Breaking of the Wilderness" says: "It must be acknowledged that the Mormons were wilderness breakers of a high quality. They not only broke it; but they kept it broken; and instead of the

gin mill and gambling hell, as cornerstones of their progress, and as examples to the natives of white man's superiority, they planted orchards, gardens, farms, school houses and peaceful homes. There is to-day no part of the United States where human life is safer than in the land of Mormons, no place where there is less lawlessness. A people who have accomplished so much that is good, who have endured danger, privation and suffering, have much in them that is commendable and good."

Population of Salt Lake City about 100,000.

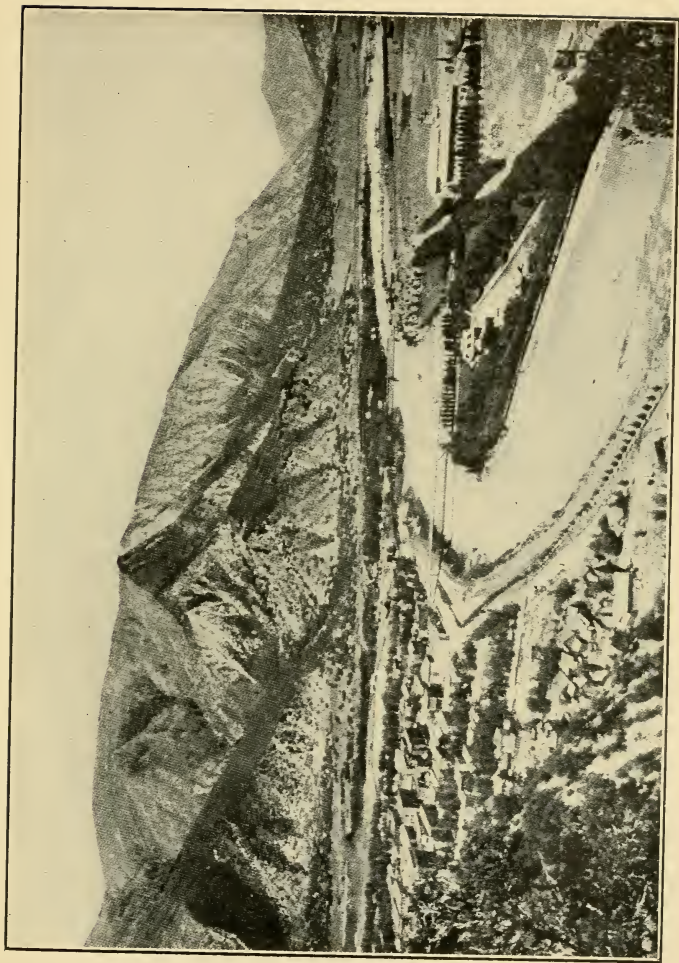
We were scheduled to dine at the Kenyon Hotel, but being overcrowded we were sent to a restaurant, called the Cottage Inn, a few doors below, where we were served very bountifully. Just as we were nicely seated, the musicians in the balcony played the B. P. O. E. and nearly all hands sang it, and just as we finished they played Auld Lang Syne. After luncheon we walked to the depot for the train that took us to Salt Lake. A half hour's ride, open cars, very high steps, and screened in on both sides with heavy canvas curtains. No journey is complete to Salt Lake City without visiting Great Salt Lake, which is seventy miles long, thirty miles wide, and an average depth of ten feet. When it is considered that the waters of this lake are seven times more dense than the ocean, it is not difficult to understand the truth of the oft repeated assertion, that the human body is unsinkable in its waters. A great many of our party went in, and we had great sport. Some of the men wanted to take us out and let us float; but we preferred staying by the stairs. For a couple of days every time I ran my fingers through

my hair I could feel the salt. We had no facilities for shampooing, so had to brush it out the best we could. This bathing resort is called Saltair. Its central feature is an immense pavilion in Moorish style of architecture, to which is attached the bath houses and other buildings of the resort, forming an immense crescent, its concave side opening toward the lake, with its horns extending to a point 4000 feet from the shore. This structure, which cost upwards of \$350,000, contains upon its floor an immense restaurant and cafe, and is surrounded upon all sides by every means of recreation common to a resort of its nature. The principal floor of this great pavilion is 1200 feet in length, and 355 feet wide, covered by a vast arched roof. Its floor is made specially for dancing, and can accommodate 1000 couples at a time. From the observatory in the dome, you have a splendid view of the lake. They say the sunsets are glorious, the crimson and gold of the sky making pictures no one can forget. The waters of the Great Salt Lake are furnishing about 40,000 tons of salt a year, supplying most of the States west of the Missouri river. We spent the greater part of the afternoon at Salt Lake, and enjoyed the trip immensely. Arriving in the city we visited some of the large stores, and while conversing with an old gentleman he told us he had come from New York State with his son seven years ago, just for luck, and that his son is now principal of one of the schools. They like the city very much; neither of them are Mormons. And you must not think all Utah people are Mormons. No, indeed, there are any amount of all denominations centered there. There are 351 canals in Utah, irrigating 632,000 acres.

Different kinds of crops growing in different parts of the State.

We were all on board the train which left Salt Lake City at 6:30 just in time, some of us waiting until the last minute; but we certainly had a beautiful and interesting day. Most of us had a good night's sleep and were up very early to watch the wonderful views of the Rockies.





GLENWOOD SPRINGS





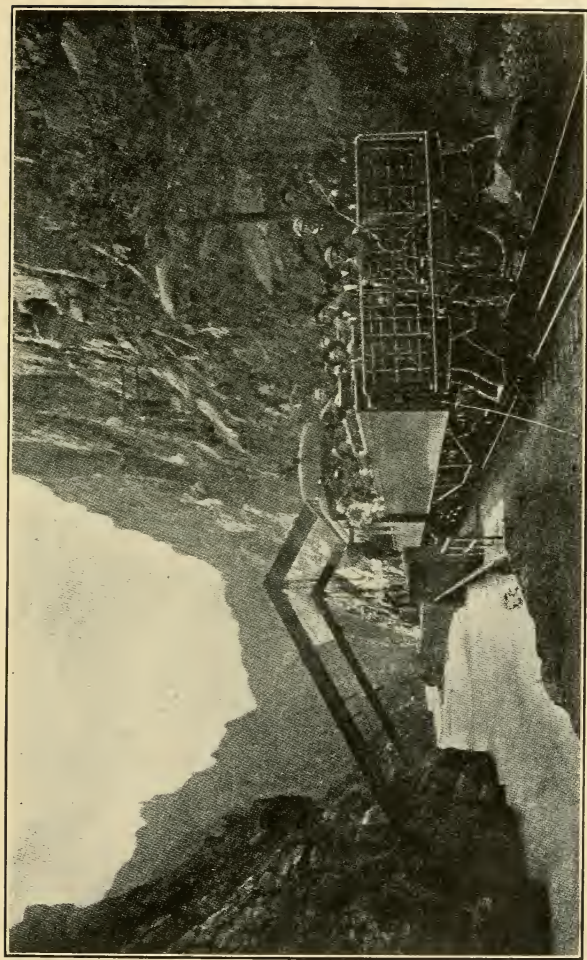
## GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO

As the train stopped at Glenwood Springs, we jumped off. A young girl on horseback was crossing the bridge high above us, when some of our boys called out, Ah there! She returned the salute by waving her hand, and some one else said, Oh you kiddo! when she replied, we westerners do not like that expression, and the boys turned around saying stung! The surroundings at the station were very pretty. Glenwood Springs is the queen of Colorado health and pleasure resorts. Here are hot springs larger than any others in the world, outside of Colorado, whose waters are known cures for many of the inner and outer ailments of the human system. Here is the great swimming pool, fed by a hot spring, where the sufferers from rheumatism may have a good time swimming about in the open air, and at the same time be absorbing medicine. The things that make Colorado delightful, the scenery, the sunshine, the cool air, are as much the property of the poorest visitor as of the richest millionaire. The wonders are all accessible, most of them being seen from the car windows. The climate makes camp life especially attractive. The lack of rain, the absence of mosquitoes and venomous reptiles, the abundance of wood, water and grass, make camping a delight in the Rocky mountains. Hotel Colorado, just

completed at a cost of \$350,000, makes a fine summer resort. It is built of peach blow colored stone and Roman brick. Its dimensions are 224 feet across the front and 260 feet from front to rear. It is a town of 1500 inhabitants, and is situated where the Roaring Fork and Grand Rivers meet, on a sloping plateau, shut in on three sides by steep mountains. The altitude is 5600 feet. For days and weeks the sky remains blue without a cloud. From Glenwood Springs we pass the grand canyon of the Grand river, which we ride along for miles. The Grand is the mightiest of the Colorado streams. At Salida, a pretty town in a wide valley, the traveller stands at the very foot of the Continental Divide. The train follows close to the water, turning and winding all sorts of ways. We finally reach the canyon of Eagle Pass, famous for the Red Cliffs, still producing gold, silver and copper. Miners' cabins are seen at intervals. The traffic is so heavy that there is a track on either side of the river, which is very narrow. We pass the Mount of the Holy Cross. Far up on the mountain side appears an immense cross, as though chiselled out of marble. This is caused by two deep canons crossing each other at right angles, which are filled with ice and snow throughout the year. From Eagle River we come to Tennessee Pass along a fifty mile view of the highest part of the Colorado Rockies. Among the famous canons of Colorado, none is more widely known than the Royal Gorge. The great granite cliffs tower higher and higher until at this point they are 2600 feet high, a half mile of overhanging rock, the sides so close together that the sun only penetrates in spots, and the river and railroad can barely find room to

pass. These great walls enclose the road and roaring river for eight miles. Usually passengers get off the train and stand on the river wall until the train moves a short distance away, then we walk along through the gorge. Sometimes they put on an open observation car, which affords a fine view. All through this region is wonderful. There is also the famous hanging bridge, built by the Denver & Rio Grande, under which the train passes. Some time after we came back from our tour, there was a great flood at the Royal Gorge. The height of the water at this point will be appreciated by anyone who has ever been there, when it is stated that the river was level with the tracks of the hanging bridge. At Canon City a steel bridge was washed away, and landslides blocked the tracks along the Arkansas River, delaying over a thousand passengers. Just as we left the Royal Gorge and all the wonders of the mountain region, it began to grow dark. Most of us seemed to be in a state of stupor all day. I think the wonderful views awed us, or else our Yellowstone and Salt Lake trips were too much for us. The Gunnison is one of the great streams of the western slope, drawing from a thousand mountain rills, it throws through its canons an enormous volume of water of crystal purity, and cold as the snow from which it has just flowed. September 23, 1909, the President of the United States visited the Uncompahgre Valley, and personally opened the gates of the great tunnel, and turned the flow of the Gunnison River into the new channel, where for all time to come it will flow prosperity and fertility to the people. By the enterprise, wealth and energy of a great government, a whole river has been drained from the granite

bound channel in which it has flowed almost since time began, and carried through six miles of tunnel 2500 feet below the granite crest, to the head of one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys which lie under the smiling sun of Colorado. The Gunnison river is one of the largest streams in Colorado. Its myriad heads drain a thousand square miles of the highest portion of the Continental Divide. Its valleys are narrow, with but little demand upon its waters for irrigation. Descending in ever deepening gorges, it finally foams and plunges toward the sea in the Black Canon, one of the most magnificent gorges in the world. For thirty miles the Gunnison and the Uncompahgre Rivers, which join at Delta, flow side by side. In the spring of 1910 the water will be flowing through the tunnel and on the land, and from that time on drought will be forever banished from the Uncompahgre Valley, which is situated in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. We were due at Colorado Springs at six P. M., but it was about ten P. M. when we arrived there. We were all very much disappointed in not seeing the Garden of the Gods. On our arrival at Colorado Springs, we were to be given a ride to Manitou to see the wonders in the Garden of the Gods, and we had all planned to have our pictures taken on burro's by the balance rock, but it was only an illusion. In reality the Ute Indians owned Manitou. Then as now the gateway, guarded by its perpendicular portals more than three hundred feet straight up from the level plains, stood open. Everything in the Garden of the Gods is just as it was when the savages had possession. The trees, the lakes, Rainbow Falls, Cave of the Winds, Red Canyon, Crystal Park, Glen Eyrie, are just as they were



ROYAL GORGE





then, only unnamed. They say nothing in the modern world is ever done until a railroad comes. Yet there has been some changes. The Manitou Grand Caverns have been discovered and opened, and wagon roads have been graded in all directions. Some one has said that Colorado is the Switzerland of America, but a great many say it should be reversed. Those who have been there can judge for themselves. History, tradition and fashion have cast their spell over the Alps. At Davos in Switzerland the invalid can only enjoy four and a half hours' sunshine in the shortest days of winter, while at Colorado Springs they have eight hours. In early spring, as soon as the snow begins to melt, invalids are compelled to leave Davos, while at Colorado Springs they remain the entire year. Every variety of scenery is found in Colorado, and it never becomes monotonous. Variety is the striking characteristic of western scenery. Cañons, peaks, and passes awe one with their grandeur, being easy of access, with no wide ocean to cross. Marshall Pass in Colorado is 10,850 feet above the sea and is climbed every day by the Denver & Rio Grande. The famous Georgetown Loop trip is traversed by the Colorado and Southern Railway. Thousands have seen it, and it still remains, especially to one who has no time to see the overpowering scenery in the interior, an experience not to be left out. When Colorado was young it was a miner's wagon road over the range.

## COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Immediately on our arrival at Colorado Springs, we went to the hotel for dinner. A great many complained of the food; which was in all probability due to our late arrival, for all good housekeepers know when they have prepared a meal to be served at six, and no one puts in an appearance until four hours afterward, that the result is very unsatisfactory to the cook. Everyone who has been there knows the Antlers Hotel is a beautiful building, and first-class in all its appointments; magnificently furnished, representing an outlay of \$1,000,000. The population of Colorado Springs is over 30,000, being an ideal home city, and one of great private wealth, with broad streets and magnificent residences. Pike's Peak and Cheyenne Mountain looming to the west. After dinner we bought some post cards of the city, being the best we could do, as it was too dark to see any of the beautiful surroundings, and being after eleven o'clock all the stores were closed. Not much like a Saturday night in New York; but we went to the Elks' Club house, just to say we had seen it, and on arriving there found it open. They have a beautiful building with a fine open court on the ground floor, which must be very attractive by daylight. On the floor above is the lodge room: they ask you to come in and sit down,

on the soft leather seats all around the room, then close the door and put out all the lights. By electricity they light up a large clock, then a large star in the centre of the room, next an oblong oval glass dome over the top of the centre gradually, until it grows brighter and brighter, showing all the beautiful coloring of the glass and finally the side lights around the room. It is a very beautiful and effective sight, all being so quietly done, you wonder what is coming next. Leaving the club house we went back to the train. There are several magnificent hotels in Colorado Springs, 2137 acres in public parks, and 112 miles of streets. A water supply costing about three and a half million dollars, forty-five miles of electric railway, an unequalled telephone system, seventeen costly school buildings, a public library costing \$75,000; a handsome opera house and six clubs, sanatoriums, church edifices, three hospitals, and Colorado College (the oldest institution of its kind in the State, with over six hundred students and a handsome endowment), and six trunk lines of railroad.

If so fortunate as to find a modest, vacant cottage of four or five rooms, the monthly rental is \$15 to \$35, unfurnished, and \$30 to \$75 furnished. Persons of long purses, requiring handsome homes, can obtain elaborately furnished villas of eight to twelve rooms, renting from \$100 to \$500 per month.

## DENVER, COLORADO

Sunday morning, August 1, we woke up at Denver, where six autos were waiting to take us through the city, each one carrying twenty persons. The city is only fifty years old, and by the appearance of boulevards, parks, and beautiful homes, has grown rapidly. Broadway is a boulevard seventy-five miles long, extending to Colorado Springs. We were in the largest artificial park, containing three hundred and eighty-four acres, in which we saw elk, deer, antelope, buffalo, and in the lake swans and ducks. In the centre of the lake is a stone platform, somewhat on the shape of the red cross, where the small boats land and passengers alight to take in the surrounding view: there are also beautiful palms and flowers. The Auditorium at Denver seats 13,000 people and cost \$550,000. The city covers an area of sixty square miles. State capitol building cost \$3,600,000. The dome is gold shingled, and the building contains the highly interesting collections of the State Historical Society, and the Colorado World's Fair exhibit, which captured so many prizes. The new United States mint is worthy of mention, costing more than a million dollars. We rode about two hours in the autos, having a fine lecturer, who told us that Denver had twenty clubs, eight theatres, fourteen parks, twenty-five hospitals and

asylums, one hundred and eighty churches, Presbyterian being the largest in the city, and five daily papers. The elevation of Denver is 5200 feet, and the population is 22,500. The autos stopped in front of a souvenir store which had opened its doors for our benefit. We made many purchases there, and those in charge of the store took twenty-five cents off of each article purchased. We had our pictures taken in the autos on the way out, which were finished when we came back. It was a very warm day, and as we were within a block of the station, saw a drug store, where we went in and had ice cream, then for the last time, back to our little home on the train. Colorado is a wonderful State for scenery, covering 103,925 square miles. Of this vast area, as big as all New England, with Indiana added, two-thirds is mountains. The wonderful peaks of most mountain ranges might all be lost in the Colorado Rockies, whose heights range from 11,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea. Seen from afar off they seem like clouds. It is a strange country. The name means color, or go thou merrily with God. Colorado is first among the states and territories of the Union producing precious metals. As time goes on, and I think of the wonderful views seen on the trip, they impress me so greatly that I hope some day to view them again. Some of the beautiful and famous peaks of Colorado have their lowest depths higher than the average height of the Alpine chain. It is an all-the-year cattle country at almost any height. Big trees grow 10,000 feet above the sea, beautiful flowers and grasses are found at 11,000 feet, and the pines and firs are of fair size at 11,500 feet. In Colorado there are 260 snow-born small streams; but large enough to each have



a name. There are numerous small lakes, and sixty-three rivers. Beside some seventy peaks that are still unnamed, there are one hundred and fifty towering domes, that have names given, and amidst all this, you casually come upon some beautiful nook, and wonder if there are any more such places.

## HOMeward BOUND

Our train left Denver at 1 P. M. It was the first Sunday in all our trip that we had been on the train. For a little while every one was very talkative and lively; but as the afternoon wore along, it seemed more like Sunday. Usually an active person knowing they have nothing to do on a Sunday afternoon relaxes and gives way to nature. Such was our case, knowing our sight-seeing was over, and that we did not have to be on the alert for the next stop, almost every one was dozing. We reached Nebraska about 7 P. M., and as it was growing dark there was not much to be seen. When we woke the following morning we were just out of Nebraska, and flying across Iowa. The farms looked beautiful; so fresh and green, and I never saw such fine corn fields. The train stopped at a station called Manilla, and we all jumped off. It looked to be quite a town, and near it were fine wheat crops. That morning nearly every one in our car was packing up, and when we wanted any clean clothing or change of dress had to go to the baggage car, five cars back of us, so there was a great time there that morning. A little later we passed Cambridge, Iowa, where there had been a train wreck; three cars smashed to pieces, and the wrecking engine hard at work pulling it clear of the track. We

slowed up a little; but just cleared it nicely. A great many of us were dozing, when we felt the train stop. Up we jumped and off the train again while they changed engines at Marion, Iowa, where there was a very pretty, shady, square block park, and a number of men lying around under the trees, also children at play. There was a street of stores opposite and the temperature was 100 in the shade. Some of the party took a few pictures. Further along in Iowa we passed a station called Lost Nation, and not long afterward crossed the Mississippi River at Savannah, then we were in Illinois, at 6 P. M. Arriving at Chicago at 10 P. M., we thought we would spend an hour or more, consequently a great many of us jumped off; but were only there about ten minutes when we were ordered all aboard, so we saw nothing of Chicago; but the longest city street in the United States is Western Avenue in Chicago, which is exactly twenty-two miles long. Its nearest rival is Halsted Street, also in Chicago, which is two-thirds of a mile shorter; but is so much more closely built up, that it is usually spoken of as the longest street in the world, and is crossed over and under by twenty railroads. The following morning on waking something seemed peculiar; but I could not tell what until I got down from my berth, at which time it looked as though we were riding backward; but I finally discovered that during the night our cars had been shifted, and instead of going back four cars to the diner, we only had to go one ahead. We passed Cleveland, Ohio, at 7:30. Some very fine well kept vineyards in Ohio, also in Pennsylvania. We were at luncheon when the train stopped at Buffalo to let a few of our passengers off, among whom was the German woman

in our car. Her husband wanted her to get off at Chicago; but she did not want to: they had a quarrel, and he left the train at Chicago. Next morning she was very quiet for awhile, but a few of the boys began to joke with her about getting a divorce, and tried to find out how much she was worth, which caused a great deal of fun, and put her in good humor again. Every one called good-bye to her as she boarded the car for Pennsylvania. We were due in Jersey City at 10 P. M., and it was then 2 P. M., and we were just at Buffalo. We reached Geneva at 4 P. M., and about a dozen jumped off the train to telegraph home, as every one knew it would be after midnight when we reached Jersey City. All through the train people were visiting, and writing verses in souvenir books. The young people were playing ball with an orange. After dinner we watched the scenery as long as we could see, and as there were no bunks to be made up that night, nearly every one settled themselves for a nap in the seats, which were very comfortable; but somebody wanted a pillow, and that somebody made every one else want one, and just as you were nicely fixed ready for a nap, a pillow would fly at your head, until every one was roused and wide awake, then we all threw pillows at every one passing through the car, which made life lively for an hour or more, and by eleven o'clock we all subsided. About 1 P. M. we reached South Plainfield, and the party belonging there received a hearty welcome. The residents had torch-lights, red lights, and fire works, and shouted themselves hoarse. We all quieted down again, and it was 2:30 A. M. August 3, when we pulled in at the Pennsylvania station, tired out, and then each party had their various ways to

go to reach their homes. As near as I can figure we were on twelve different railroads, through or across seventeen states and two territories. The whole trip was an experience never to be forgotten, and I advise all who can do so, to try and see the wonders of nature. It will repay you. There are special trips being made up all the time for some occasion, and the fun and pleasure you have on the train is a feature in itself. I sincerely hope some day to see it all again. All the time we were away our people in New York and vicinity watched the papers anxiously, fearing accidents; but in Bayonne my dear old grandmother at the age of ninety-three, fell right by the side of the house, breaking her hip, which caused her death, so you see what is to be will be, and I find the best way to get along in this world is by being cheerful, and making the best of our lot. I for one of the Elks' party am thankful for the experiences of the wonderful trip, and the gallant treatment of the committee toward us, and sincerely trust they will all have an enjoyable tour next summer to Detroit, Mich.

### HE'S AN ELK

If he's looking up, not down,  
He's an Elk.  
If he'd rather smile, than frown,  
He's an Elk.  
If he's jolly, broad and fat,  
If he wears a man's-sized hat,  
Take a tip from things like that;  
He's an Elk.

If he sees some good in all,  
    He's an Elk.  
If he helps the men who fall,  
    He's an Elk.  
If he looks you in the eye,  
Gives a courteous reply,  
If he's shrewd, but never sly,  
    He's an Elk.

When he dies and goes above,  
    Brother Elk,  
To the golden gate of love,  
    Brother Elk,  
Does St. Peter hesitate?  
No; he swings the pearly gate:  
"Come in; you don't have to wait,  
    Brother Elk."  
—By BROTHER MICHAEL J. PHILLIPS.

## THE TEN LITTLE LODGEMEN

Ten little lodgemen went out to dine,  
A cocktail killed a Mason, then there were nine.  
Nine little lodgemen, drinking to their fate,  
Down went an Odd Fellow, then there were eight.  
Eight little lodgemen thinking of Heaven,  
A small bottle fixed a Forester, then there were seven.  
Seven little lodgemen playing funny tricks,  
Another cork, a Red Man, then there were six.  
Six little lodgemen trying to booze and thrive,  
The next round fixed a Workman, then there were five.



Five little lodgemen, the others on the floor,  
A Malta Knight gave up the ghost, then there were four.  
Four little lodgemen on a lonely spree,  
A Buffalo got his habit on, then there were three.  
Three little lodgemen left in a stew,  
A highball rolled a Pythian, then there were two.  
Two little lodgemen pretty nearly done,  
A Shriner couldn't stand the pace, then there was one.  
One little lodgeman drinking all alone,  
He was an Elk and he took the whole bunch home.

THE END.













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